

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 970



JUNE 30, 1888

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

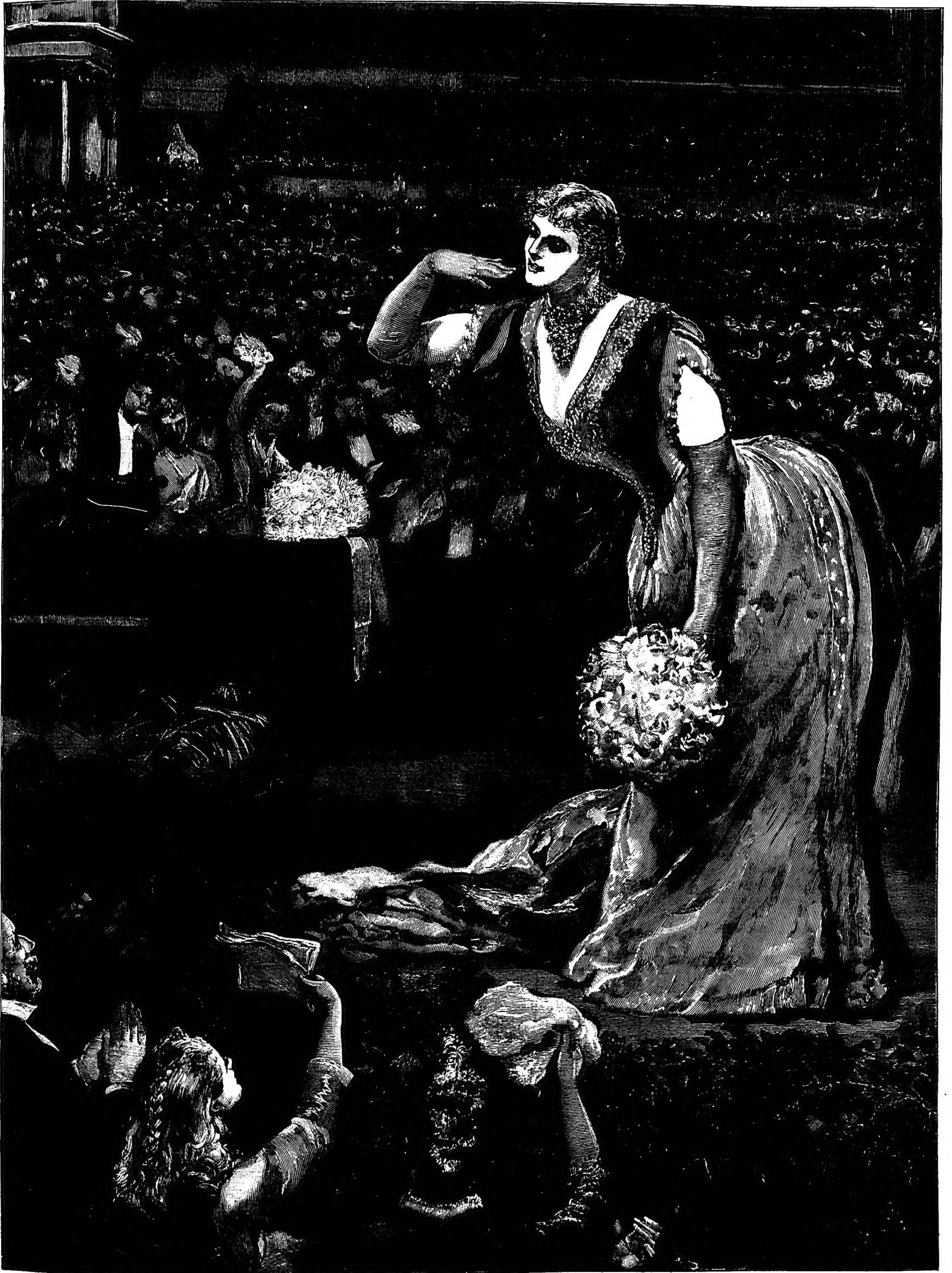
No. 970.—Vol. XXXVII.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S FAREWELL
SCENE IN THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL AT THE CLOSE OF HER LAST CONCERT

Topics of the Week

THE PROPOSED VOTE OF CENSURE.—Some doubt has been expressed whether Mr. Gladstone, from the point of view of party tactics, did not commit a serious mistake in asking the House of Commons to express its want of confidence in the Government. The Local Government Bill had sown what seemed to be the seeds of dissension among the Unionists. No sooner was it announced that a Vote of Censure was to be proposed than differences of opinion on minor points were forgotten. The Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists remembered only that it was essential that Mr. Gladstone should be kept out of office, and an overwhelming victory was of course gained over the Opposition. To some of Mr. Gladstone's followers, therefore, it has seemed that he acted inconsiderately in providing the Unionists with a rallying-cry. Probably, however, Mr. Gladstone was thinking less of the effect of the debate upon parties in Parliament than of its effect upon the constituencies. There can be no doubt that a good many politicians who were strongly opposed to his Home Rule Bill bitterly dislike the coercive policy of the Government. They are anxious that agrarian crime in Ireland should be stamped out; but, whether rightly or wrongly, they think that the Coercion Act is being used for the suppression of agitations which in England would not be deemed illegitimate. The Leader of the Opposition may have considered that it was worth while to try to strengthen the feeling of this apparently growing class; and the Government, notwithstanding its victory, ought not hastily to assume that his anticipations were mistaken. Its business, so far as Ireland is concerned, should now be to show that it has no wish to interfere with the expression of lawful political convictions, and that it has some really fruitful plans for the promotion of the national welfare of the Irish people.

WILLIAM II.'S SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.—Is there to be peace or war in the near future? The German Emperor's Speech from the Throne does not enable us to answer this question definitely, for there are various conditions which even he, with all his vast power, cannot wholly control. But it is certain that he is anxious that there shall not be war. He showed plainly that if the honour or the interests of Germany were threatened he would know how to defend them; but the sincerity of his wish for the maintenance of peace was not less obvious. He spoke also in the clearest possible terms as to the alliances of the German Empire. Some politicians had a vague impression that he might perhaps be disposed to take a new departure in regard to international relations. He had, however, nothing to say on the subject except that he would abide by the policy adopted by his grandfather, and it is hard to see how he could have chosen any other course. There is nothing arbitrary in the understanding between Germany, Austria, and Italy. This great Triple Alliance was formed because it accorded with the enduring interests of the nations concerned; and to break it without some overwhelming reason would be the greatest political blunder of the present century. The Emperor referred in a tone of unmistakeable cordiality to his desire for continued friendship between himself personally and the Czar, and for the maintenance of good terms between Germany and Russia; but he implied clearly enough that the Russian Empire has interests which may conceivably be interpreted in a sense hostile to those of his own people and of his allies. This has not, of course, escaped the notice of the Russians, and there is reason for hoping that it may induce them to think carefully before undertaking any enterprise that might lead to their being confronted on the field by the armies of the Central European League. To France the Emperor made no allusion whatever; nor was any such allusion necessary, for all the world knows what his ideas on the subject must be. Upon the whole, the Speech has made an excellent impression. It has brought home to the minds of statesmen everywhere the fact that German policy is continuous, and that William II., although a soldier by instinct and training, has none of the bellicose tendencies which were for a time so freely attributed to him.

CANDIDATES FOR THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.—It would be uncharitable, perhaps, to suppose that Mr. Blaine secretly wished, after all, to be nominated a candidate for the Presidency. His withdrawal from the field was certainly expressed in sufficiently plain terms. Nevertheless, a large number of his political friends were of opinion that his assurances on the subject were not to be taken seriously. They worked hard to secure for him a magnificent triumph, but cannot be congratulated on having played their cards well. Their plan was to force the Chicago Convention, by making all other candidates impossible, to give him a unanimous call. This scheme was resented; and the ultimate result was that a unanimous call was given, not to Mr. Blaine, but to Mr. Harrison. The Republicans could scarcely have made a wiser choice. With Mr. Blaine as their representative they would not have had a chance of success. His name is associated with some of the worst traditions of American politics, and many intelligent Republicans would certainly

have declined to support him. Mr. Harrison is known to be a man of high personal honour, and he has the advantage of being directly descended from a statesman who held the Presidential office. It is possible, therefore, that he may prove to be a formidable rival of Mr. Cleveland, especially as his influence may enable him to win for his party the vote of Indiana, where he resides. But it will not be easy for him to oust Mr. Cleveland, whose "record" commands the respect even of his opponents, and the enthusiastic admiration of the Democrats. No great issue is at stake, for it cannot be said that the question of Free Trade *versus* Protection has been definitely raised. Upon the whole, the sympathy of Englishmen is rather with the Democrats than with the Republicans. Both parties try to conciliate the Irish voters, but, of the two, the Republicans seem most ready to attain their object by talking wildly about this country.

THE "WHITE PASHA."—If the mysterious European who has suddenly appeared in the Bahr-el-Gazel be not Mr. Stanley, who is he? The information has come from so many independent sources that it can scarcely be destitute of some foundation. Moreover, there is the fact that the Mahdi, panic-stricken by the appearance of a hostile force in his rear, has despatched troops to meet the foe. Nor is there anything impossible in the news. Granted certain circumstances, and Mr. Stanley might easily be just about the place where this strange commander has cropped up. Let it be assumed that, finding it impossible to reach the Albert Nyanza as he had intended, he changed his direction, and, marching northward, got to Wadelai at the end of last year or the beginning of this. Having arrived he would consult with Emin Pasha about the best route for the return journey, and they may possibly have decided that the road by which he himself came would be impracticable for the women and children of the garrison. In that case, the only alternatives would be either to endeavour to pass through Uganda to Zanzibar, or, boldly marching northwards to Sennaar or thereabouts, to make a try for Kassala and Massowah. To armchair critics, this may appear too hazardous an enterprise to have been undertaken by such a cautious commander as Mr. Stanley. But there are occasions when caution is out of place, and when the only chance of safety lies in boldness. Mr. Stanley has shown before now that he knows when to be dashing as well as when to be circumspect, and if this White Pasha really be he, we may depend upon it that he had strong reason for going there. It is just possible, of course, that the stories which have reached Suakim may be desert *canards*, but assuming their truth, there can be little doubt that it is Mr. Stanley whose appearance within striking distance of El Obeid has caused Khalifa Abdullah to quake in his slippers. And if the rescuer be on the Bahr-el-Gazel, moving to the north, it may be taken for granted that the rescued are there also, thus forming a force strong enough to fight its way through to Kassala and the Red Sea.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—That the National Gallery is starved is a perennial cry. Of late, however, it has been argued that the authorities of the Gallery are only suffering from a self-imposed famine consequent upon the feast which they enjoyed in 1885, when the Blenheim pictures were purchased. They agreed, it is said, that, in consequence of the enormous sum then advanced them, the annual grant from the Treasury should for a while be suspended, and the nursery formula, "You cannot eat your cake and have it too," is accordingly quoted against them. But, if a correspondent of the *Times*, who apparently writes with authority, is to be trusted, no such bargain was made with the Treasury. On the contrary, the suspension of the grant was the arbitrary act of a minor official, since endorsed by successive Chancellors of the Exchequer for the sake of "continuity of policy"—a convenient euphemism for parsimony. If this be so the grant ought certainly to be renewed at once. Already several chances of making valuable additions to the national collection have been lost through want of means. Whether it is desirable, as Sir J. D. Linton has suggested, that a representative collection of water-colours should be added to the Gallery, may be a matter of opinion, for the nucleus of such a collection already exists at South Kensington, and South Kensington is in these days not so very much more inaccessible than Trafalgar Square—less so, indeed, than is Trafalgar Square when a "demonstration" is in progress. But it is unquestionable that British Art ought to be more strongly represented in the National Gallery than it is at present. We hope, therefore, that Mr. Goschen's heart will be softened, and that he will see his way to renewing the grant. Mr. Eastlake, who has already, with the small means at his disposal, effected such vast improvements in the Gallery, may be trusted to make good use of the money.

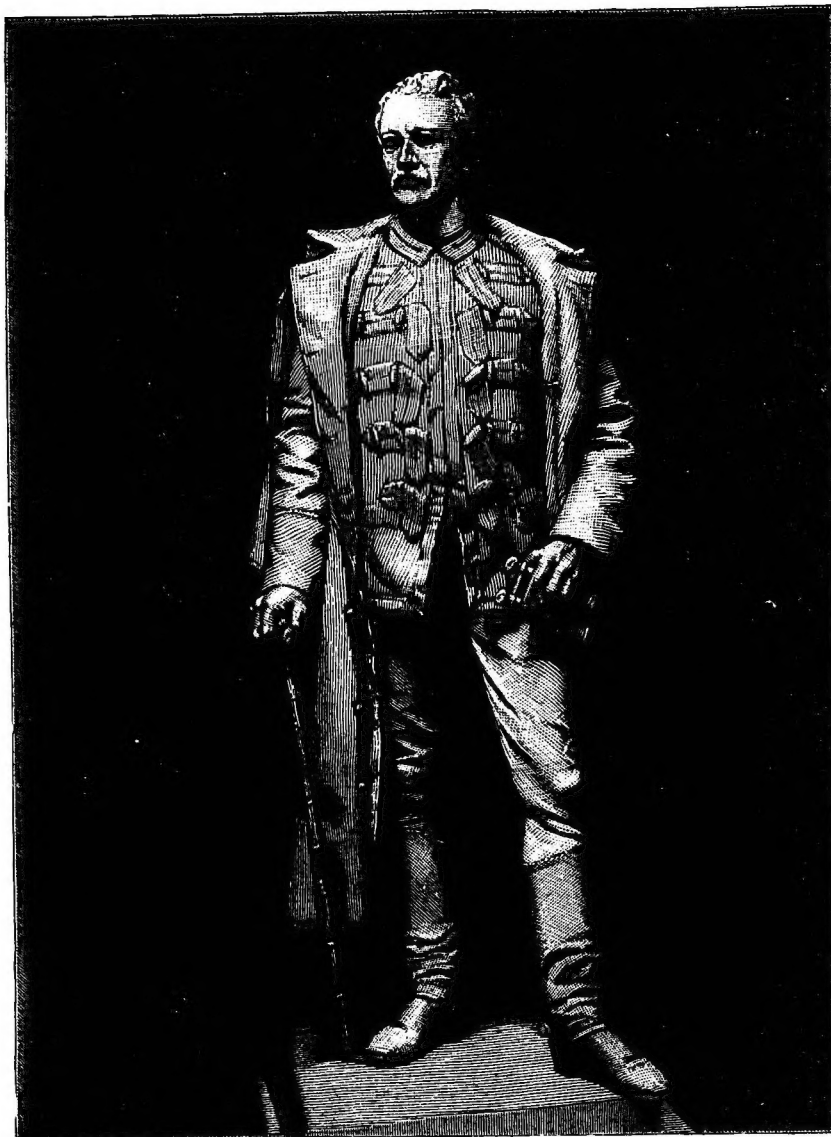
THE BLACK MOUNTAINEERS.—The Unionists boast, not without reason, that their Government has, at all events, kept the gates of the British Temple of Janus shut for two years. Not quite shut, nevertheless; a chink shows itself, here and there. Upper Burma still gives employment for a considerable number of troops; the Tibetans refuse to keep the peace; some British soldiers were lately killed in Zululand; finally, a tribal disturbance has cropped up on the North-West frontier of India. That is nothing new, it may

be said, in those volcanic regions. No sooner does one tribe receive a lesson—our punitive system on the frontier is not deficient in sharpness—than another takes to raiding, and so the merry game goes, much to the advantage of lead and powder dealers. The Black Mountaineers who are now in the field against us have always borne an evil reputation. When the Sikhs held the Huzara Valley, these fierce tribesmen "caved in;" Runjeet Singh brought them to reason by a process of decimation. But after the conquest of the Punjab, when the Valley passed into our hands, the Black Mountain recovered its ancient reputation as a place where strangers are not welcome. The clans mainly live, it is believed, on the proceeds of freebooting, which they carry out one against another with beautiful impartiality. But when every householder has been stripped bare, the temptation of raiding into British territory becomes irresistible, and then we have "a little war," followed by a brief period of tranquillity. The lamentable feature which takes the present affair out of the common category is our loss of two officers of great promise in Colonel Battye and Captain Urmston. They were killed, it appears, while trying to save a wounded havildar of their regiment, an act of gallantry which would have gained for them the Victoria Cross.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.—The other day Mr. W. H. Smith announced that he did not see his way to the granting of a pension to Mrs. Matthew Arnold. This decision excited general surprise, and we may hope that it will be reconsidered. Mr. Matthew Arnold was not only one of the foremost writers of his day, but he did good service to the State in connection with education. Admirers of his works had therefore a right to expect that something like adequate provision would be made for his widow in the only way in which the nation as a whole can testify its respect for the memory of men to whom it is largely indebted. No doubt economy in public expenditure is urgently needed, but Mr. W. H. Smith may be sure that if he had followed what must have been his first impulse in this matter his conduct would not have been in the slightest degree misunderstood. On the contrary, the most rigid of economists would have given him credit for being guided by an enlightened sense of duty. Whether he changes his mind or not, there should be a very generous response to the appeal issued by an influential committee for subscriptions. The objects of this committee originally were to place a bust or medallion of Mr. Arnold in Westminster Abbey, to raise a sufficient sum for Mrs. Arnold and her unmarried daughter, and to found at Oxford an Arnold Scholarship or Lectureship, with a view to promote the study of English literature. Mr. W. H. Smith's decision may render it necessary that the last of these objects should be abandoned. There ought to be no sort of doubt that the first two will be attained. Mr. Arnold made a great mark on the thought of his age, and many persons whom he has consoled, or intellectually stimulated, will, of course, be glad to take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude for his work and influence.

THE UNIVERSITY MATCH.—The glorious uncertainty of the glorious game was doubly exemplified on Saturday. At Lord's an exceedingly strong M.C.C. team, after several times seeming to have the match against the Australians at their mercy, suffered defeat by 14 runs; while at Manchester the Oxford Eleven, after knocking up 315 against the strong Lancashire bowling, and after getting their opponents out for 205 and 172, failed entirely in their second innings to play that same bowling, and were all out for a miserable 42, two-thirds of which were contributed by two batsmen. With these facts in mind, it is impossible to be very confident regarding the result of the match which begins next Monday at Lord's. "On paper" the Light Blues should win. They have had a rather more successful season than Oxford; and in the last of their trial matches, albeit against a weak M.C.C. team, they did fairly well, while Oxford allowed Surrey to put together a gigantic score. But the Dark Blues have some points in their favour. Both Mr. Rashleigh, their captain, and Lord George Scott have the prestige of having made "centuries" in previous University matches, and prestige goes for a good deal at Lord's. Cambridge also has a "centurion" in Mr. H. E. Crawley, and tried bats, besides, in Messrs. Kemp, Thomas, and Buxton. In fielding the teams are fairly matched, while in Messrs. Philipson and McGregor each has a wicket-keeper of more than average excellence. But it is in bowling that the Oxford weakness is most apparent. They have no trustworthy fast bowler, and the necessity of a fast bowler in the University match is shown by the feats of Messrs. Whitby and Toppin in recent years, and of Mr. Morton and Mr. Evans at an earlier period. The Light Blues possess this desirable fast bowler in Mr. S. M. J. Woods, a freshman, who hails originally from Australia, and recently from Brighton College, and who is going to assist his fellow-colonists in some of their later matches. We shall not be surprised if the event of the match turns on the question of whether or no it is Mr. Woods' "day out."

"MISSING."—To those who think while reading the monthly record of British shipping, there is no part so painfully suggestive as the column headed "Missing." Quite a number of vessels figure in it regularly, and of all sizes,

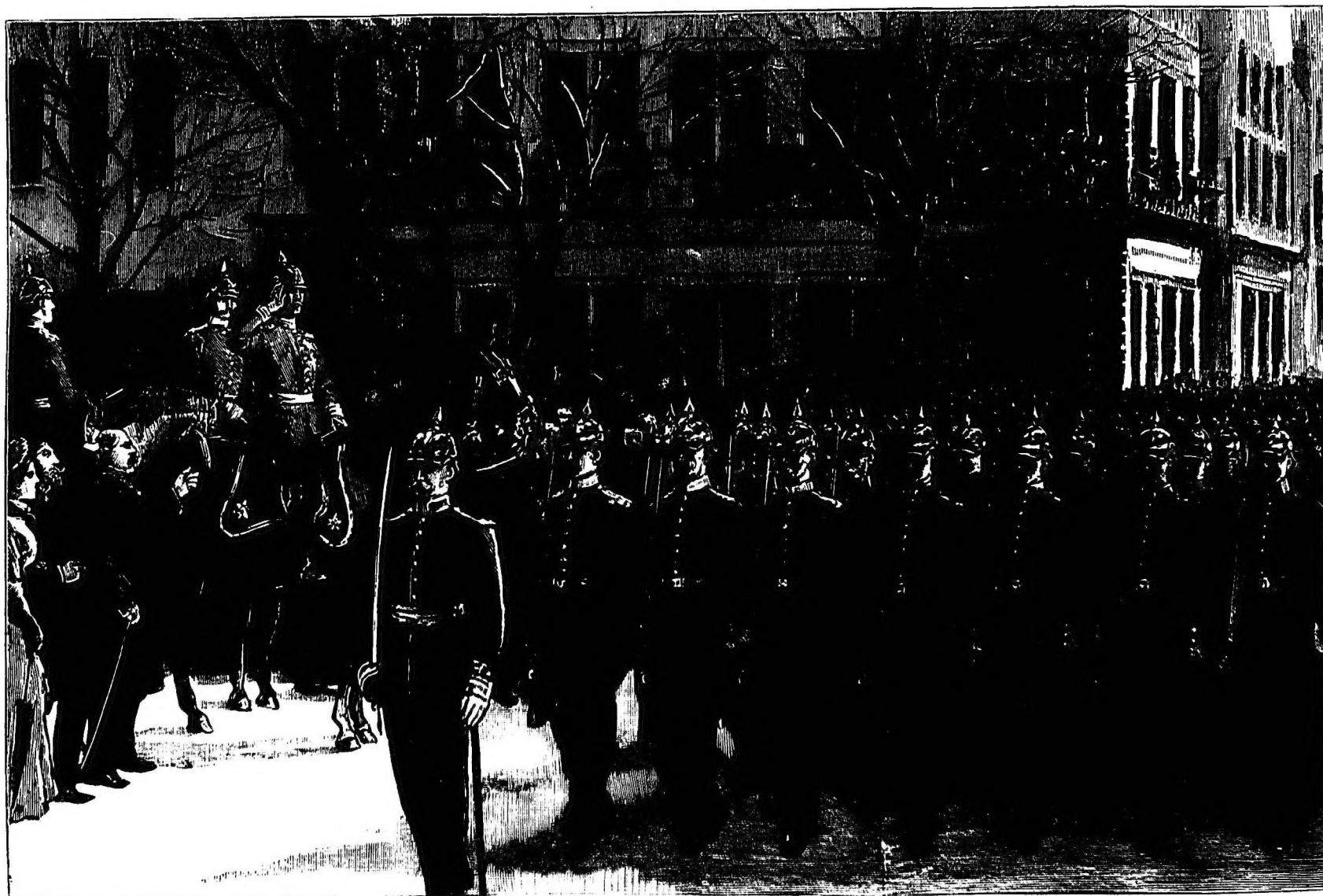


GENERAL GORDON
Unveiled by the Marquis of Huntly

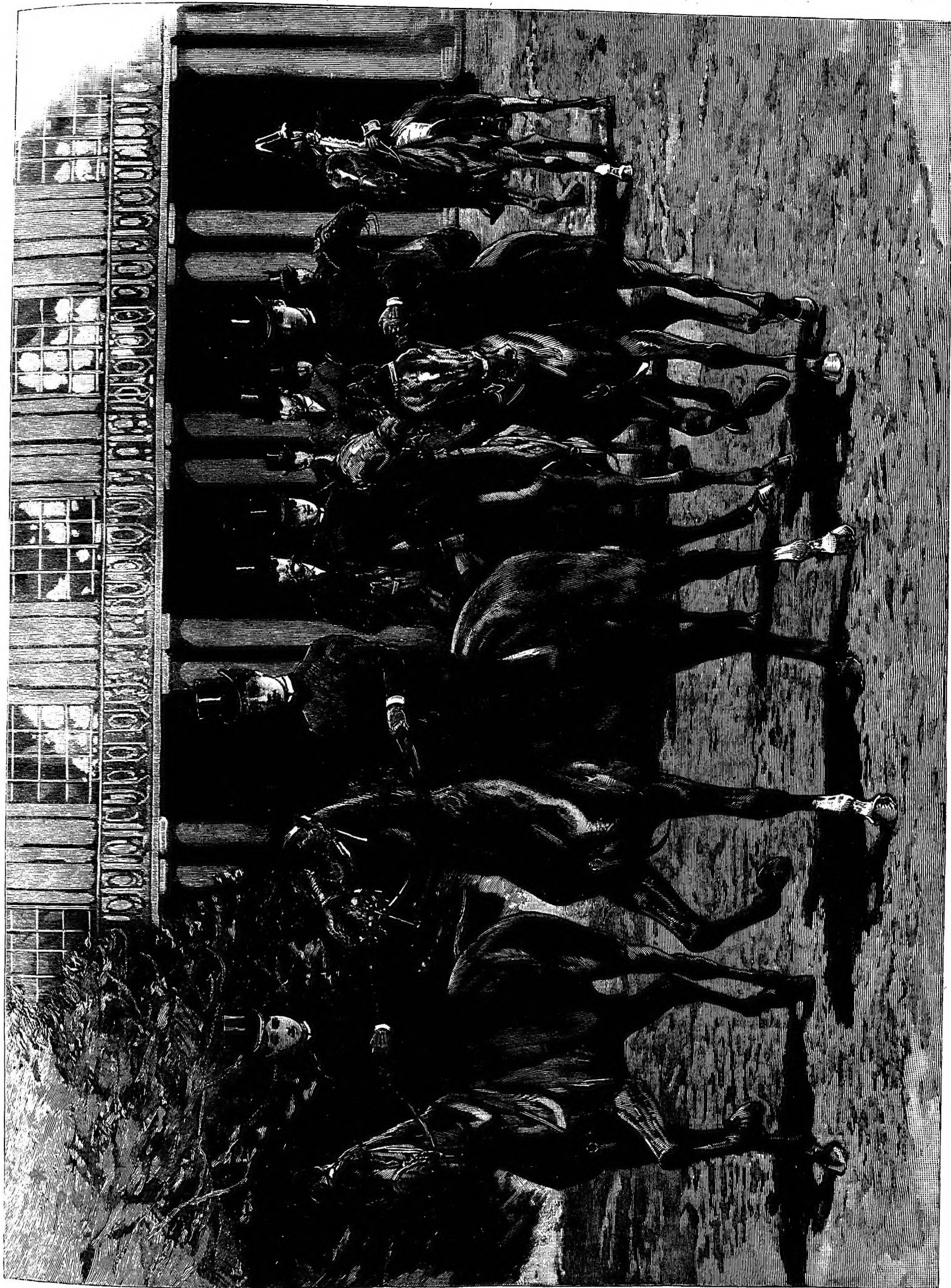


SIR WILLIAM WALLACE
Unveiled by the Marquis of Lorne

TWO NEW STATUES AT ABERDEEN



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. (WHEN CROWN PRINCE) SALUTING HIS GUARDS IN UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN, AFTER THE MORNING PARADE



THE MORNING RIDE OF THE YOUNG PRINCESSES OF GERMANY
A SKETCH AT CHARLOTTENBURG DURING THE LATE EMPEROR'S ILLNESS

NOW READY.

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER

Printed chiefly in colours, and containing two complete Stories.

"YOUNG MR. BARTER'S REPENTANCE,"

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. Illustrated by W. LOCKHART BOGLE.

AND

"THE LATE MRS. PUTSEY,"

By F. W. ROBINSON.

Miss EDITH G. SOMERVILLE contributes an amusing illustrated record of a

"MULE RIDE IN TRINIDAD."

and Mr. J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I., a fully illustrated account of

"BEHIND THE SCENES AT A CIRCUS,"

Showing how the human and equine denizens of the ring are trained for their performances.

Miss EMILY LEES depicts the Adventures of the

"THREE MISSES GREENHORN IN LONDON."

Amongst the other Illustrations are

"PUPS,"

From the Picture by G. A. HOLMES.

"THERE'S A GOOD DOG; BEG!"

From the Picture by J. L. LIVERY.

"MY LADY'S PETS"

From the Picture by J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.

"YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT,"

From the Picture by J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.

"THE OLD SMUGGLER,"

From the Picture by A. W. ROSSI.

"HUSH!"

From the Picture by Miss BLANCHE JENKINS

"FRIEND OR FOE?"

From the Picture by Miss HELENE SCHJERFBECK.

"AWAITING THE MASTER'S RETURN."

From the Picture by MAXINE CLAUDE.

THE PRESENTATION PLATE issued with the Number, is entitled

"The Rivals,"

From the Picture by E. MUNIER.

Price ONE SHILLING; by post 3d. extra, to any part of Great Britain, Europe, Canada, or United States.



MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON'S FAREWELL TO THE PUBLIC

ON Wednesday, last week, Madame Christine Nilsson bade goodbye to the London public at a farewell concert at the Albert Hall, and the enormous audience which filled every available seat in that vast building fully testified to the fact that it was in no way waning popularity which had prompted the great Swedish singer to retire from public life, while it was no less evident that her vocal powers were as strong and as pleasing as when she first appeared, now nearly a quarter-of-a-century since. In our "Music" article last week, we gave a brief survey of the leading events of Madame Nilsson's career, from her debut in 1867 at Her Majesty's, when she at once became a first favourite with the music-loving public, down to her second marriage, last autumn, to the Count Casa di Miranda, when she finally decided to retire into private life at the early age of forty-five. With regard to the concert on Wednesday, Madame Nilsson was announced to sing five pieces, but enthusiastic encores increased the number to nine, each being received with the most rapturous applause. Amongst them were such well-known favourites as "Bel raggio" (*Semiramide*), "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*, Balfe's "There is a Shadow," and Dr. Engel's "Lost." At the close, Madame Nilsson was recalled over and over again, the vast audience cheering and waving their handkerchiefs in tokens of regretful farewell.

STATUE TO THE LATE GENERAL GORDON AT ABERDEEN

THIS statue was unveiled at Schoolhill, Aberdeen, by the Marquis of Huntly, on the 16th inst. It stands in front of Robert Gordon's College, and has been erected and presented to the City of Aberdeen through the subscriptions—amounting to 1,000*l.*—of the Gordon clan, of which Lord Huntly is the chief. The statue is of bronze, is the work of the late Mr. Burnett Stuart, A.R.S.A., of Edinburgh, and stands over nine feet in height, on a granite base also nine feet high. The hero of Khartoum is represented in a standing position with uncovered head, and the undress uniform of a British officer of distinguished rank. The likeness is said to be extremely good, and both the late Sir Henry Gordon and Miss Gordon are stated to have expressed their satisfaction at the result. When unveiling the statue Lord Huntly delivered a stirring eulogy of the character of the late General, remarking that "his individuality lay in the magic of his personal qualities—in the downright action of the man who moved without fear and favour."

THE WALLACE STATUE AT ABERDEEN.

THIS colossal bronze statue of Sir William Wallace has just been erected at Aberdeen. It has been placed on the as yet uncompleted portion of the new Rosemount Viaduct. The pedestal is nineteen feet in height, and the statue itself is seventeen feet. There is no larger bronze statue in Scotland. On a panel in front of the pedestal is inscribed, "In honour of William Wallace, Guardian of Scotland," and in a similar panel in the rear there is another inscription, stating that the statue had been erected from funds bequeathed by Mr. John Steill, of Edinburgh. This gentleman had devoted much attention to antiquarian pursuits. Having no wife or near relative, he devoted all his estate to the erection of a monument in honour of Wallace, for whose character he had a most profound admiration. The trustees spent 3,250*l.* as the actual cost of the statue and pedestal. The sculptor is Mr. W. Grant Stevenson, A.R.S.A., of Edinburgh. Councillor Morgan, of Aberdeen, erected the massive pedestal, which was designed by Mr. A. Marshall Mackenzie, of Aberdeen. The weight of the granite in the pedestal is 200 tons, and that of the statue over six tons. The figure of Wallace represents the Scottish patriot when he is supposed to be addressing these words to the English friars sent to negotiate a pacific treaty before the battle of Stirling Bridge—"Go back to your masters, and tell them that we came not here to treat, but to fight, and to set Scotland free."—Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen. The statue was to have been unveiled on 21st June by the Marquis of Lorne, who was at the same time to receive the freedom of the city, but both ceremonies were postponed in consequence of the death of the German Emperor to yesterday (Friday).

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. AND HIS GUARDS

WHEN the present Emperor of Germany was Crown Prince, he was accustomed to parade his regiment every morning in the review-ground, and return with the troops to the corner of Unter den

Linden. Then, before riding off to his palace, he would draw his horse aside and salute the soldiers as they defiled past him on their way to the barracks.

THE MORNING RIDE OF THE GERMAN PRINCESSES

OUR illustration is from a recent sketch at Charlottenburg, and represents the three younger daughters of the late Emperor Frederick—the Princesses Victoria, Sophia, and Margaret—starting for their morning ride from the Palace at Charlottenburg.

THE MEET OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB

THOSE croakers who, some sixty years ago, prophesied that the introduction of railways would result in the entire disappearance of horses would agree, if they were alive now, that their forebodings were not justified. Even coach-horses, the kind most threatened, have suffered little. Coaching has not ceased to be useful, as the recent institution by the Post Office of parcel-coaches abundantly proves, and it has become increasingly ornamental. Never were the Four-in-hand Club and its young rival the Coaching Club more flourishing than they are now. There are plenty of regular coaches, moreover, which run every day during the summer months, so that there is little fear of the art of driving four-in-hand becoming a lost art just yet awhile. The first meet of the Four-in-hand Club, which we illustrate this week, took place on June 6th. The morning was dull and rainy, and consequently there were neither so many coaches nor such a large attendance as usual. The lack of quantity, however, was made up by quality. The Prince of Wales occupied a seat upon the well-known drag, with its team of four blacks, belonging to Lord Fife, who in the absence of the President, the Duke of Beaufort, led the procession; and the King of Sweden and Norway, was among the spectators. Some much admired teams were the bays of Mr. Adrian Hope, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Blues; the browns of Lord Hothfield and Mr. Deichmann; and the black-browns of Lord Onslow. Altogether there were nineteen coaches on the ground, most of which, after the procession, left for Hurlingham. Our artist shows us some of the various classes of people who are regular attendants at the meet, from the equestrians who form an avenue of horseflesh through which the coaches have to pass, and some of whom always dash across the park to have "just one more look at them" at the Alexandra Gate, to the nursemaid with her team of four babies, and the intelligent foreigner, much puzzled by the Royal Humane Society notice referring to the other kind of drags. The ladies, especially, love coaches and coachmen, and of the latter not the least perhaps the handsome Jehu, who is "still a bachelor."

THE NEW BISHOP OF BEDFORD

THE Rev. Robert Claudius Billing, who succeeds the new Bishop of Wakefield, Dr. Walsham How, as Bishop Suffragan of Bedford, is an Evangelical, and was, at the time of his elevation, Prebendary of St. Paul's, Rector of Spitalfields, and Rural Dean. He graduated B.A. at Worcester College, Oxford, in 1857, and only a fortnight since the honorary degree of D.D. was conferred on him at Oxford. Ordained priest in 1858, he held the Curacy of St. Peter, Colchester, until 1860, and then for one year that of Compton Bishop, Somersetshire, being appointed in 1861 one of the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society, in the Diocese of York. In 1863 he became Rector of Holy Trinity, Louth, where he remained ten years, and is described as having raised the various parochial agencies to a very high state of efficiency. His first charge in London was at Holy Trinity, Islington, of which he was Vicar from 1873 to 1878. In 1878 he was transferred to the Rectory of Spitalfields. The population of Spitalfields has altered very much in recent times, Jews and other foreigners, with lodging-house keepers, having replaced the silk-weaving descendants of the Huguenots, and from the number of low lodging-houses it has been said that the parish has become the home of more of the London criminal class than any other. Nevertheless, with the aid of a staff of zealous helpers, clerical and lay, Dr. Billing's energy and enthusiasm have worked a marked improvement in the district, and the clergy of the East End were foremost in expressing satisfaction at the appropriate recognition bestowed on one of the most laboriously successful of their body by his elevation to the Bishopric of Bedford. As has been already mentioned in our columns, Dr. Billing recently gave important and interesting evidence respecting the condition of the Jews at the East End before the "Sweating Committee" of the House of Lords.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, W.

MR. FRANK H. EVANS, M.P. FOR SOUTHAMPTON

MR. EVANS was born in Manchester, where he was educated at the Manchester New College, subsequently going to Germany. Having decided to become a civil engineer, he became a pupil of Sir James Brunlees. Some five years ago he became interested in the Union Steamship Company, and was elected to the Board of Directors, being subsequently appointed Deputy-Chairman of the Company—a post he continues to fill. Mr. Evans is also Chairman of the London Board of the Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Company, and a Director of the Southampton Dock Company and the International Sleeping Car Company. In politics Mr. Evans is in every sense a thorough-going Liberal.—Our portrait is from a photograph by G. W. Latter, 13, Bernard Street, Southampton.

MR. JOHN SINCLAIR, M.P. FOR AYR BURGHS

MR. SINCLAIR is the son of the late Rev. John Sinclair, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, and was born in 1842. He was educated at the High School, Edinburgh, and at Edinburgh University, and in 1869 was ordained minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Grangemouth. He was called and transferred to St. Bernard's Church, Edinburgh, in 1880, but was compelled to resign his charge in 1884 on medical advice. He has since resided at Grangemouth, and has been almost exclusively engaged in literary work, being the author of "Heather Belles," a modern Highland story, "Sabbath Lessons from Westminster," and latterly editor, and part author of "The Church on the Sea," containing contributions from eminent divines and preachers of all denominations. He has, however, taken a prominent part in local politics—having by speeches and efforts helped largely to secure the return of Mr. G. C. Bolton for Shropshire, in 1886, when that gentleman was abroad on account of his health. Mr. Sinclair, who, by the way, is no relation of the Captain Sinclair who was formerly a candidate for the Ayr Burghs, was chosen last February the candidate of the Liberal Association in the Burghs. Mr. Sinclair is married to a daughter of Mr. G. G. Mackay, of Grangemouth.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Wilhelm Hess, Miller Road, Ayr.

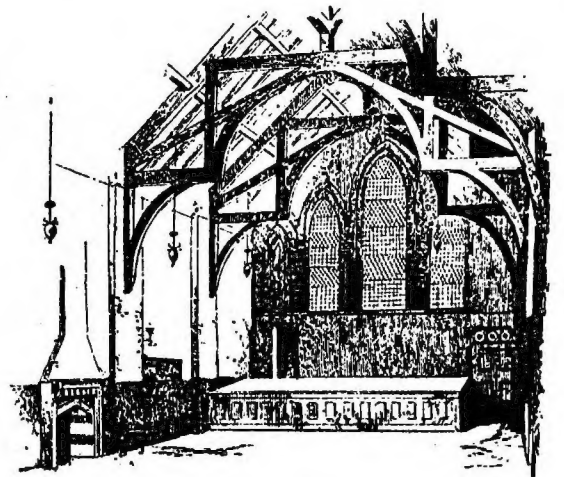
THE NEW "ZEPHYR" LAUNCHES

THESE little craft are a new type of launch constructed by Messrs. Yarrow and Co., the torpedo-boat builders, of Poplar, and are propelled by means of vapourised spirit instead of steam. The machinery is exceedingly simple, consisting of an engine of any well-known compact type, and of a generator. The generator, which produces the spirit vapour, is placed close to the engines, and comprises a coil of copper pipe, within which spirit is made to circulate continuously. The spirit, on its passage through this pipe, is converted by means of a relatively small amount of heat into vapour, which passes on to the motor, and drives it just as steam drives an ordinary engine. Below this main coil is a smaller one, which is termed the petroleum coil. One end of it terminates in a burner,

somewhat like that of a common gas-stove; the other is led into an air-tight galvanised iron tank, which contains such petroleum as may be bought at any shop. When the boat is to be started, the petroleum in this tank is forced, by means of a small hand-worked air-pump, into the coil, and a light is applied to the burner. A considerable flame, which augments as the heat increases, is at once created, and in a very few minutes the vapourised spirit in the main coil above shows a pressure of from fifty to sixty pounds on the square inch, a pressure which is sufficient to drive the boat at a rate of six or seven miles an hour. Steam, or rather vapour, may thus be got up almost immediately. To get up steam in a steam launch of the same size takes at least an hour. The cheapness of the working is another very important consideration. The consumption of petroleum for fuel is about 1½ gallons an hour, and the average cost of this quantity is nippence or tenpence. The spirit which supplies the motive power is, initially, more expensive; but, on the other hand, it is not consumed. After it has been vapourised and has done its work, it is condensed ready for use again; and the only waste that occurs is through leakage. Any spirit may be used, from gin or whisky to spirits of wine, and, if necessary, the spirit may be mixed with water. The system is perfectly safe and cleanly, and is admirably adapted for pleasure launches, as it involves neither dirt nor smuts, and is so simple that no trained engineer is needed. It is also useful for ships' pinnaces, as the boat can be got ready to start in five minutes. The machinery is placed in the stern, so that four-fifths of the space is left at the disposal of the crew and passengers. Several of these launches were recently tried in the Thames with much success. The boats were mainly 36 feet by 6 feet broad, and including the machinery were estimated to weigh only a ton.

THE RED CROSS STREET, HALL, GARDENS, AND COTTAGES, SOUTHWARK

OWING to the exertions of that indefatigable practical philanthropist, Miss Octavia Hill, a cheerful little oasis has been created in Southwark—a little garden has been formed for the recreation of the public, a Hall has been built for giving entertainments, and a number of charming cottage residences have been erected. This oasis fronts on the one side Red Cross Street, an old narrow lane between Blackfriars and London Bridge, while on the opposite side are blocks of model dwellings belonging to the Victoria Dwellings Company, managed by Miss Octavia Hill and her little band of lady workers. Beyond the garden are the Hall and cottages built in Old English style, each cottage opening



THE HALL.

to the garden; while a pleasant little sitting-room on the ground-floor looks on to the grass and flower-beds of the pretty pleasure-grounds. Along one side of the garden is a covered asphalted way, where children can play in wet weather, while the roof of this playground forms a terrace or balcony where, in fine weather, all can sit and enjoy the fresh air. Some time since, when the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who are landowners in this district, were "developing" their property by pulling down old and erecting new buildings, Miss Octavia Hill seized the opportunity to put in a plea for an open space amid the new buildings. The Commissioners listened to her pleading, gave a valuable site for a garden, and leased an adjoining plot for the erection of a Hall and cottages, thus enabling Miss Hill to carry out her design of establishing side by side a garden to serve as an outdoor sitting-room, and a Hall for indoor amusements, besides building cottages of a modest description, but of an attractive appearance. For all this funds were wanted, but money was not long in forthcoming. Lady Ducie gave 1,000*l.* for laying out the garden, the late Hon. Henry Cowper gave 2,000*l.* to build the Hall and free it from ground-rent, while Lady Jane Dundas gave a sum of 1,200*l.* towards erecting the cottages. This last amount was at first a loan on easy terms, but was generously converted into a gift on the opening day.

THE ASCOT MEETING

OF all the race-meetings of the year none appeals so strongly to the jaded Londoner as Ascot. There and at Goodwood alone are the ordinary racecourse mob kept thoroughly in check; and Goodwood, though charming when one is there, is too far off for men who can only snatch a few hours from business. But Ascot has no drawbacks. It is accessible; it is well managed, and, thanks to the liberality with which money is presented in stakes (over 14,000*l.* was raced for this year), there is always plenty of good sport. The meeting this year was favoured with fine weather, for the first three days at least, but a gloom was cast over it by the condition of the German Emperor. In consequence of the bad news from Berlin, that charming spectacle, the Royal procession up the course, had to be omitted, and the Prince of Wales was present on one day only. In other respects, the meeting was a great success. Timothy, whom we see being "mobbed" as two-legged celebrities are apt to be, by his numerous admirers in the paddock, was the equine hero of the week. On Thursday, he won that much-prized trophy, the Gold Cup, and next day he cantered away with the Alexandra Plate. His late owner, the Duchess of Montrose, who sold him to Captain Machell, must have deeply regretted the bargain when she saw the success of her "cast-off." The Rous Memorial Stakes, which nearly always provides a pretty race, was won by Phil. But though there were plenty of interesting contests, there was no such historical struggle as that in the Hardwicke Stakes last year, when the unbeaten Ormonde tackled such doughty opponents as Minting and Bendigo, and, "roarer" though he was, remained unbeaten still. This year, in the same race, Minting had not much difficulty in defeating his single antagonist. It seems a misuse of language to call the whippersnapper of a jockey depicted in our sketch "a great man," but judging by recent disclosures, tending to show that the ex-stable-boy may be, and often is, the real head of a great training establishment, with owners and trainers alike at his beck and call, the term can easily be defended.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK II. OF GERMANY

WE gave a full description of the ceremonies attending the funeral of the late German Emperor last week, and consequently need only say a few words further in explanation of our illustrations, which depict some of the chief features of the procession.

In the funeral procession, the youthful Emperor William II. followed immediately behind the banner of the realm borne by Field-Marshal von Blumenthal. On the Emperor's right hand was the King of Saxony, and on his left, the Prince of Wales, all three in full Prussian General's uniform; and then followed Prince Henry with his brother-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen and the Grand Duke of Baden, while behind came other members of the Imperial Family and mourners of illustrious rank, including Prince Albert Victor and the Marquis of Lorne—the latter being in Highland costume. A prominent figure in the procession was that veteran warrior, Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, who, though rather inclined to stoop with the weight of his eighty-eight years—still walked sturdily, with his marshal's *bâton* in his hand, at the head of the generals. Our third engraving represents the deputation of Protestant Clergy and Roman Catholic Priests who attended the ceremony as mourners.

CELEBRITIES OF THE TURF

See page 694

"THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE"

A NEW STORY by James Payn, illustrated by George Du Maurier, is continued on page 689.

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, IV.—MR. FRANK HOLL

See page 693



POLITICAL.—Mr. Goschen, speaking on Wednesday at the annual meeting of the St. George's (Hanover Square) Conservative Association, expressed his gratitude to the Gladstonite-Parnellite party for being the means of affording, in the division of that morning, on Mr. Morley's Vote of Censure, a manifestation of the unchanging adherence of the majority of the House of Commons to the principle of the Union. In the debate which preceded it, Mr. W. O'Brien, with questionable taste, had expressed the opinion that Mr. Balfour was a broken man. It was not success, but failure, Mr. Goschen remarked, that broke a man. He was happy to say that Mr. Balfour was never in better health. No man had made greater strides in the confidence and admiration of the public, and no man had better deserved his success.—At a dinner to Lord Lansdowne, on his appointment to the Governor-Generalship of India, given by the Master and Fellows of Balliol College, Oxford, of which he is a member, and has been an *alumnus*, he spoke of Confederation as a magnificent experiment, the results of which could not as yet be proclaimed with confidence. Some vital questions must still be regarded as open; but experience had taught him that Canadian opinion, while most independent, was very friendly to England.—The result of the keen contest in the Isle of Thanet division of Kent will not be known until after we have gone to press. One of its later episodes was the publication of a letter from Mr. Gladstone, in support of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's candidature, and accusing Mr. Lowther of a "fervent desire" to re-impose a duty on foreign corn.

A SUMMARY of the voluminous report of the majority (fifteen in number) of the Royal Commission on Education, which was appointed two years ago, and of which Viscount Cross is chairman, has been published by the *Times*. They advocate the authoritative encouragement of the voluntary school system, and the development of religious education. Sir John Lubbock, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Dr. Dale, and five of their colleagues dissent from these views, and cannot assent to granting voluntary schools assistance out of the rates. They will issue a report of their own.

IRELAND.—Mr. Dillon, M.P., immediately after his incarceration at Dundalk, was visited by the prison doctor, and removed to the infirmary. He wears the prison clothes, makes no complaint, and is reported to be in good spirits.—A Parliamentary return, asked for by Mr. John Morley, and just issued, shows that only in eight cases have sentences under the Crimes Act been increased on appeal, while in forty-five they have been reduced.—Dr. Fitzgerald, of Balham, London, has been selected by Mr. Parnell as candidate for the vacant seat in South Longford, and will doubtless be returned unopposed.

THE VALUE OF THE PRIZES, 16,500*l.*, to be competed for at Wimbledon, during the approaching meeting of the National Rifle Association, is the largest hitherto recorded.

AT THE MEETING OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY on Monday Sir Francis de Winton read a paper in which he gave reasons for discrediting the rumours which have been circulated of disaster to Mr. H. M. Stanley's Relief Expedition.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At the beginning of the week nearly 32,000*l.* had been received for the Hospital Sunday Fund, the total of which, it is now expected, will exceed that of last year.—The Committee of the South London Polytechnic Institute, which includes the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery and Sir W. Hart-Dyke, appeal to the public to assist in raising a fund for the erection of three Polytechnic Institutes in South London, to which the Charity Commissioners have engaged to add a pound for every pound given up to 150,000*l.* Donations may be forwarded to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Evan Spicer, 50, Upper Thames Street, E.C., or to the Bank of England.—The Committee of the Matthew Arnold Memorial Fund propose first to place in Westminster Abbey a medallion or bust of him, the cost of which will not exceed 500*l.*, next to make adequate provision for Mrs. Arnold and her unmarried daughter, and finally, should the sum obtained be sufficient, to found an Arnold Scholarship or Lectureship at Oxford for the promotion of the study of English literature. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Richard Twining and Co., 215, Strand, and by Mr. G. W. E. Russell, 18, Wilton Street.—The highest classical honours in the London University have this year, for the first time, fallen to a lady, Miss Mary Louisa Worley, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and Girton College, Cambridge, who has gained the Gold Medal in Classics at the annual examination for the M.A. degree.—The London School Board, by twenty-seven votes to three, have rejected a proposal to prohibit for the future married women from acting as teachers.—From the amount of Passover bread given away in 1887 by the Council of the United Synagogue, the Secretary to that body estimates at 6,000 the number of pauper Jews in London.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eighty-fifth year, of Mr. James Anderson, Q.C., senior Bench of the Middle Temple, of which he was Treasurer in 1861, who has held various legal offices, among them that of an Official Referee of the High Court of Justice, 1877-86, and who, as a Liberal, unsuccessfully contested the Falkirk Burghs in 1852 and the Ayr Burghs in 1863; in

his forty-second year, of Mr. Edmund Gurney, son of the Rev. H. Gurney, late Rector of Marylebone, author of, among other works, "The Power of Sound," a standard treatise on the philosophy of music, and the principal author of "Phantasms of the Living," published in connection with the Psychical Society, of which he was joint secretary; in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. Charles Randall, the large farmer and sheep-breeder, a recognised authority on agricultural matters, and member of the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to whose *Journal* he was a valued contributor; and of Major Legh R. Battye and Captain H. Brabazon Urmoston, both killed in a recent engagement with the tribes bordering on the Punjab frontier. Major Battye was one of ten sons, all of whom were in the military service of their country, and two others of whom have been killed in action in India. Captain Urmoston was a distinguished officer, and had seen much and varied service in India.



I.

THE frontispiece of the *Century* for July is an engraving by Mr. T. Johnson from M. Bonnat's painting of "Pasteur and his Granddaughter," in which the firm, massive features of the great scientist are pleasantly contrasted with the bright young face of the charming child.—Biblical students will thoroughly appreciate the admirable illustrations of Mr. Edward L. Wilson's "Sinai and the Desert," in which the scenery of Midian is brought as vividly before the eyes as is possible perhaps without the aid of colour.—Mr. George Hannan gives a great deal of genuine and interesting information in "The Steppes of the Irish." After his vivid picturings in pen and pencil of Siberia and its people, there will be less excuse for ignorance of that wonderful region. The Kirghiz and Tartars are addicted to wrestling-matches, it would appear, like folks further west. It is pleasant to learn that their wrestling is invariably good-humoured, and the vanquished retire without any manifestations of ill-feeling, and often with laughter at their own discomfiture. The Kirghiz are generally over-matched in these peaceful contests. The Tartars, although perhaps no stronger, are quicker and more agile than their nomadic adversaries, and win, on an average, two falls out of every three.

A prominent feature in *Harper* is Mr. Rider Haggard's "Maiwa's Revenge," in which Mr. Allan Quatermain again descends on big game and Homeric combats with warlike Africans.—"A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," by Mr. Lajcadio Hearn, is to be commended; more especially for its illustrations of different types of the coloured race to be found in Martinique and in the beautiful vicinage of St. Pierre, the island capital and port of call for steamers.—Mr. Flinders Petrie manages to convey a great deal of archaeological information about lands famed in Scripture in "The Grand Tour, Three Thousand Years Ago."

In *Longman's* Mr. George I. Nathan tells us "Something About Ostrich Feathers." The Cape, it would appear, has exported in the last thirty years ostrich feathers weighing 2,536,330 lbs., and valued at 9,947,446*l.* Still, feather-farming is better as a crutch than a stand-by. It is not to be relied upon now as all-sufficient for the Cape farmer, but still is a source of moderate income to him, and its insecurity will make him turn his energies to the more substantial certainty of improving his cattle and sheep. Still, Mr. Nathan does not suppose that the use of the plumage is ended. Ostrich feathers, he observes, have added grace to womanly loveliness since the days of Cleopatra, and a fashion to be measured by the centuries is not likely to be discarded by the women of the Victorian era.—Mr. W. H. Hudson's "Sight in Savages" is well worth reading. The general argument is that range and quickness of vision are nicely adapted to the necessities of men and animals.—Mr. Grant Allen contributes "Evolving the Camel."

There are in *Cornhill* one good short story, "The Dean's Sister," and one good fictional sketch with a moral, "The Celibate's Wife."—"Some Typographical Errors" contains some amusing instances of printers' blunders. For example, in an edition of "Men of the Time" a paragraph referring to Robert Owen, the Communist, became disarranged, and was placed under "Oxford, Bishop of." The result was as follows:—"Oxford, the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious belief, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements."—There are useful papers on "Arthur Schopenhauer" and "Mammoth Hunting in Siberia."

In the *Universal Review* Mr. Frank Hill criticises "Home Rule and the Opposition Leaders" from the Unionist point of view, while Mr. Grant Allen in "The Revolt of the Celt" looks at contemporary British politics through ethnographic spectacles. His vision of the future thus peered at he describes as follows:—"In fifty years more, all that was Germanic within the land will have passed away, and Celtic democracy will have inaugurated the commonwealth of peace and justice."—Mr. Haweis's "The Parson, the Play, and the Ballet" will be read with the more amused interest since it is known that he disapproves of the pictorial adornment of his article.

The *Woman's World* opens with a translation of a story by the Queen of Roumania, "Decebal's Daughter." It effectively treats of an episode in the last struggle of the Dacian chief with Trajan.—Of general interest will be found Mrs. H. M. Tirard's "A Lady in Ancient Egypt," which supplies the subject for a very pretty frontispiece-picture of a dame of the land of the Nile, and of the time of the Pharaohs, at her toilet.—As to "Some Irish Industries," Miss C. O'Connor Eccles is to be read on "The Poplin Weavers of Dublin," and Miss Dorothea Roberts on "The Knitters of the Rosses."

A new monthly which should at once have a favourable reception is *Artistic Japan*. It aims at placing before the public what is really choice in Japanese Art by faithful reproductions of the original objects. The conductor of the periodical, Mr. S. Bing, says:—"I propose to furnish the lovers of Japanese Art, by the aid of the best processes of engraving, with a continuous series of diversified specimens, taken from every branch of that Art at all its various epochs." Judging from this number, we cordially wish Mr. Bing and his coadjutors success in their undertaking. Among the printed plates is a delightful view of Lake Biwa, reproduced from a coloured engraving by Hiro-Shigé, a landscape painter of the popular school, born in 1795.

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated* is an engraving, by Mr. R. Taylor, from the portrait of "Dr. Samuel Johnson," in the National Gallery, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.—Mr. Birkbeck Hill tells the story of "William Hutton," of whom it has been said that, in many particulars of energy, perseverance, and prudence, he deserves to be called the "English Franklin."

Meissonier's "The Vedette" forms the frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art*.—Every one, however, will first turn to Sir John Millais' "Thoughts on Our Art of To-day." He gives his reasons for his striking initial statement:—"I am emphatically of opinion that the best Art of modern times is as good as any of its kind that has gone before, and, furthermore, that the best Art of England can hold its own against the world."—A very bright, pleasantly illustrated paper is "A Painter's House-boat," by Mr. W. H. J. Boot. Generally, this is a good number of the *Magazine of Art*.



THE WORD "BOULANGER" having become odious in Paris to his political opponents, one ingenious Parisian baker in a fashionable street styles himself "Entrepreneur de Painifications."

A MARITIME CANAL ACROSS ITALY is being planned to connect the Adriatic with the Mediterranean shores. The canal would start from Fano on the Adriatic, and would greatly benefit navigation between the eastern and western coasts.

"ROSE DINNERS" are the fashion in Paris during this month of roses. At one of these recent floral feasts, the guests sat at small tables each of which was decorated with a different kind of rose, while every guest received a small bouquet to match. The table of the hostess was covered with moss roses, and there was the tea rose table, the Marshal Niel rose table, the damask rose table, and so forth.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT GERMAN HISTORICAL WORK will be published just before Christmas, the second volume of the "Memoirs of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg." This volume promises to be specially interesting to British readers, as containing the correspondence between the Prince Consort and the Duke. It will also graphically illustrate the workings of the first efforts for German unity, which culminated in the consolidation of the Empire, 1871.

THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE to be erected in Paris, will be only the second memorial to a foreigner in the French capital. Dante has a statue, but with this exception Paris solely honours her own countrymen. The Shakespeare figure will be appropriately placed in the quarter most affected by the Anglo-American colony—at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Avenue de Messine. It is the work of a French artist, M. Fournier, who has been to Stratford-on-Avon to study his subject.

A POPE COMMEMORATION is shortly to be held at Twickenham, as this year is the bi-centenary of the poet's birth. Pope lived at Twickenham for twenty-six years, and died in his riverside villa, so one of the chief features of the festival will be a water-pageant illustrating Twickenham life in his time. A loan collection will be formed of relics, portraits, autographs, and manuscripts of Pope, his friends and contemporaries, together with engravings of old Twickenham, while it is hoped to found a permanent Pope collection in the Twickenham Free Library.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA has been satisfactorily identified at Jerusalem, according to the Chairman of the Palestine Exploration Fund. All early authorities agree in representing this pool as being near the Church of St. Anne, but nothing was known of the pool in later years till some Algerian monks recently unearthed a large tank in the rock under the church, reached by a flight of twenty-four steps. However, the pool being invariably described as having five porches, this tank did not quite correspond to the Bethesda Pool until now, when Herr Conrad Schick has found a twin pool side by side with the first discovery. These sister pools, therefore, could easily have had a porch on each of the four sides, with a fifth on the wall separating the tanks, and this link is considered to effectually complete the identification. Among other traditions, the old writers describe this *Piscina Probatica* as the birthplace of the Virgin Mary.

MONUMENTS TO THE LATE EMPEROR FREDERICK are being planned throughout all Germany. In particular there will be a handsome memorial at Charlottenburg, where the Emperor passed most of the last weeks of his life, and a bust will be placed in the Berlin Town Hall. The mausoleum attached to the Friedenskirche at Potsdam, which has been talked of for years, will now be begun at once to receive the Emperor's body, and will be built large enough for the tombs of all the members of the family. Speaking of Frederick III., the Parisian who was so much cited at the time of the Emperor's operation as a successful example of tracheotomy, has not long survived his fellow-sufferer. Berthome's death, however, was mainly due to imprudence. He had been well for two years, and was accustomed to regularly visit the hospital in order to have the cannula in his throat cleansed. Last week he thought he could remove and cleanse the cannula himself, but he did not sufficiently exclude the air from his throat, and inflammation of the lungs set in, ending fatally.

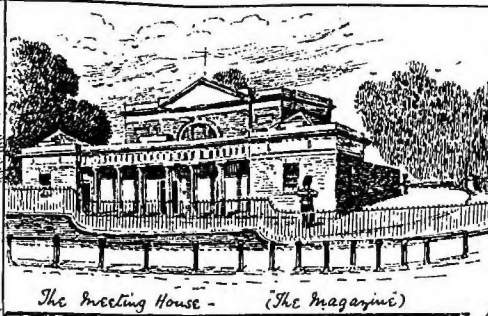
THE NEWS OF MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION continues unfavourable, if we are to trust the alarming reports which have lately come in. On one hand it is asserted that Mr. Stanley had to continuously fight his way through the native tribes after leaving the Upper Aruwimi region, that he had been wounded by an arrow, had been obliged to fall back on the reserve provisions intended for Emin Pasha, and had been compelled to encamp amongst the hostile tribes who prevented him from communicating direct, either with the camp at Yambunga, or with Emin Pasha. His caravan also had dwindled to one-third of its original strength. This account, however, is totally discredited by the Emin Relief Committee in London. On the other hand, a report from Khartoum asserts that a White Pasha, with a large force, has arrived in the Bahr-el-Gazelle Province, greatly alarming the Mahdi, and that the White Pasha is no other than Mr. Stanley. At all events, Major Barttelot and Mr. Herbert Ward have organised a strong relief expedition, while Tippoo Tib has sent off two caravans into the interior.

THE REMOVAL OF BEETHOVEN'S REMAINS in Vienna seems to have been rather a ghastly affair, notwithstanding the elaborate funeral honours. When the coffin was exhumed from the Währing Cemetery, where it had lain for sixty-one years, the skeleton of the great composer was exposed to view for some minutes and photographed. Subsequently the skull was measured, with the result that it was nearly broken in two, and two of the teeth vanished, evidently secreted as relics. The bones were damp and brown, but well preserved, while the coffin still contained trinkets and other reminiscences of the former exhumation, in 1863, when the body was placed in a fresh coffin under a monument raised by his admirers. Then, also, the ears were removed in order to investigate the cause of Beethoven's deafness, but the doctor charged with the examination died before issuing his report, and the earbones afterwards disappeared. Now the composer's remains rest in the Vienna Central Cemetery, where mausoleums have been specially erected for the illustrious Austrian dead, Beethoven lying close to Mozart's monument. The coffin was carried through the city with much ceremony and covered with wreaths, while a funeral service at the new grave was performed by the Assistant-Bishop of Vienna, Dr. Angera, who was a choir-boy of eleven at Beethoven's first obsequies in 1827.

LONDON MORTALITY continues low, and the death-rate for the last two weeks has only been 14.2 and 14.5 per 1,000, being, in the first week, lower than at any time since September, 1885. The deaths for these two weeks numbered respectively 1,167 and 1,190, being 274 and 256 below the average. There were 34 and 33 deaths from whooping-cough, 21 and 18 from measles, 19 and 10 from scarlet-fever, 18 and 15 from diphtheria, 16 and 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 8 and 15 from enteric-fever, and one from an ill-defined form of fever in the week ending June 16th. In neither week was there a fatal case of small-pox, typhus, or cholera. The births were respectively 2,399 and 2,534, and were 254 and 176 below the usual return.



Coaches arriving at the meet.



The Meeting House - (The Magazine)



"He's still a Bachelor!"



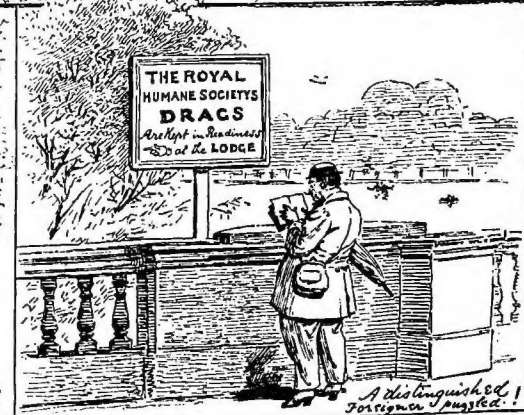
Waiting for the Procession to pass.



After the departure of the Coaches - The crush at the Serpentine Bridge.



Catching them at the Alexandra gate.



THE ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY'S DRAGS
Kept in readiness
Do at the LODGE

A distinguished Foreigner present.



Jockeys at the meet.



Four-in-Hand.



GERMANY has now formally entered upon her new era of government under William II. The young Emperor opened his first Reichstag at Berlin on Monday with great pomp, supported by all the federal Princes of his Empire as a significant proof that German unity is a solid fact, not a mere watchword. After a brief religious ceremony in the Chapel of the Old Palace, the Emperor came in State to the Weisses Saal or Throne Room, which was crowded by the members of the Reichstag, the Diplomatic Body, and members of the Royal House. The Empress and the Crown Prince sat by the Throne, where the heads of the different States and the Federal Council, including Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke, grouped around William II. while he read his Speech in a clear voice strongly recalling that of his dead father. At the close, as the Emperor returned the document to Prince Bismarck, he clasped both the Chancellor's hands with evident affection, and the audience gave three enthusiastic cheers for their Kaiser. Nor was the Reichstag less enthusiastic next day, when the members voted the Address in reply to the Imperial Speech without a single dissentient voice. Indeed, this eagerly-anticipated Imperial programme has won universal approbation by its manly, straightforward, and pacific tone. It plainly expresses the Emperor's intention to carry on the traditional German policy of his forefathers, guarding the Imperial Constitution and national development at home, and striving to maintain good relations abroad. "My love for the German army," remarks the Emperor, "will never tempt me to jeopardise for the country the benefits of peace, unless the necessity of war is forced upon us by an attack on the Empire or its allies. Our army is intended to assure peace to us. . . . To use this strength for aggressive wars is far from my heart. Germany needs neither fresh military glory nor any conquests, since she has won for herself by fighting the right to exist as a united and independent nation." After these reassuring sentiments, the Emperor declares that he adheres to the Austro-Hungarian alliance with German fidelity, seeing in this defensive compact "a basis of European equilibrium." With Italy, the alliance is equally firm, but on other grounds—the common interest of both countries to preserve their newly-acquired unity. A different though cordial tone is adopted towards Russia, the Emperor speaking of cultivating carefully his personal friendship with the Czar and the peaceful relations hitherto existing. Neither England nor France is directly mentioned, the former omission being ascribed to the fact that Anglo-German friendship does not rest on written documents. Of allusions to the home policy, the most important is the Emperor's promise to promote the interest of the working classes, evidently in furtherance of Prince Bismarck's favourite plans. Now that the Emperor's views are openly announced, there is a feeling of relief among most political parties who begin to hope for a period of quiet and prosperity. The Press are nearly unanimous in this opinion, hoping that an end has come to the tension and uncertainty of the last few months.

The Kaiser, on Wednesday, took the oath to the Prussian Constitution before the Diet, but his speech on this occasion dealt solely with home affairs. The Emperor promised to firmly uphold the policy of his predecessors, to maintain the constitutional rights of the Crown, and to protect the freedom of all religious denominations—this paragraph being evidently intended for the Jews. He also spoke of the satisfactory relations with the Vatican, and closed by endorsing the maxim of Frederick the Great that "the King was the first servant of the State." The next grand State function is to be the Coronation, for William II. intends to crown himself formally like his revered model, his grandfather, William I., instead of being content with the ceremony of receiving the Huldigung, or solemn homage of the Estates of the Realm, like most of his predecessors. Frederick I. was the only Prussian monarch formally crowned before William I. Probably the Coronation will take place at Königsberg in October. Plentiful reports are current respecting Imperial meetings during the summer, alike with the Emperor of Austria, the Czar, and the King of Italy, but as yet nothing is definitely announced. Although Frederick III. has passed away the controversy over his illness has not subsided. Thus the *North German Gazette* now accuses Sir Morell Mackenzie of wilfully concealing the nature of the malady in order to deceive the late Emperor into resigning, as according to the Prussian Constitution, no Prince suffering from an "incurable" disease can ascend the throne.

Foreign opinion on Emperor William's speeches is remarkably favourable. After the fears entertained on the Emperor's accession, and first utterances, the temperate views now set forth delight everybody. AUSTRIA is gratified by the warm adhesion to her alliance, and, though a little suspicious that Emperor William intends arbitrary rule, applauds him as the firm friend of Austria and the defender of peace. RUSSIA is equally cordial, regarding the speech as an effectual denial of the Emperor's Chauvinism. So, too, thinks ITALY. FRANCE is relieved from some anxiety by the statement that Germany needs no fresh military glory or conquest, though she does not relish the idea of a rapprochement between Germany and Russia, which would effectually crush the hopes of a Franco-Russian alliance. The French in general think the prospects of peace improved, but they still clamour for preparations for war. They point to the Russian General Gourok's declaration that war is unlikely for two years, but that the interval should be well employed in getting ready for defence. This is the Austrian view also, expressed by the Dual Delegations quietly voting all the extra military credits required. Before separating the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee stated to the Hungarian Delegation that in the defence of European interests "We may count upon the support of England, whose policy harmonises entirely with ours."

The usual summer dulness overpowers FRANCE. Even the expulsion of French journalists from Berlin has only raised languid protests, while feeble interest is taken in the challenge sent by ten French students to the members of the Hasso-Borussian Student corps who lately insulted a French traveller and his wife at Freiburg. The German offenders, by the way, have been severely punished. The Deputies in the Chamber are eager for their holidays, and are ready to vote, without much debate, such important measures as extra credit for the Army estimates. The Royalists got up a little excitement by a grand banquet and speeches to the effect that only a Restoration could save the country, and they are much gratified that the members of the Institute petitioned the Government to rescind the decree of exile against the Duc d'Aumale in return for his splendid gift of Chantilly to the nation. President Carnot favoured the idea, but the Ministers were too much afraid of public opinion to consent. Naturally, the Royalists pose triumphantly as martyrs, while the moderate Republicans regret the refusal, considering that the Republic was surely strong enough for such a measure of justice and clemency. General Boulanger's supporter, M. Laur, brings out a sensational account of an interview with the Italian Premier, who told M. Laur that the Italo-German Treaty of Alliance binds Italy to intervene if France is the aggressor in a war, but not in the inverse case. Prince Bismarck wanted unconditional neutrality, that he might crush France in the mean time, but he could only obtain this defensive alliance, which

expires in 1891. Paris is being rapidly deserted, owing to the intense heat—the theatres are closing, and the suburban fairs afford the only amusement. There has been much excitement over the Panama Canal Loan. Subscribers were crowding forward, when some malicious financiers spread a false report of M. de Lesseps' death. After this the public grew shy, and the loan is scarcely covered.

TURKEY has now promulgated an Imperial Iradé, finally ratifying the Suez Canal Convention. According to Turkish diplomatic opinion, this Convention closes any special right of the French Government to interfere with Egypt. By accepting the Convention, France acknowledges that she merely possesses the claims of other European countries on the subject, ceding her former position.

Frontiers in INDIA promise to keep our troops busy during the next few months. Unfortunately the Tibetans construed the withdrawal of the main European body to Darjeeling as a sign of weakness, and are recommencing offensive operations. They intend to attack Gnatong shortly, so the British post has been reinforced, part of the retiring troops being ordered back again, while roads, telegraphs, and supplies are being attended to with a zeal which hints at something more than mere defence. Indeed there seems a prevalent feeling in military circles that unless the Tibetans mend their ways an expedition will be sent over the border to teach them to respect British authority in Sikkim. A similar lesson awaits the troublesome tribes of the Agor Valley, where Colonel Battye and Captain Urmston were killed last week. As this valley is ruled by a native Khan, though situate within the British district of Hazara in the Punjab, the tribes have long given trouble by raiding, and a British outpost was accordingly established at Oghi. Colonel Battye and his men had merely gone out exercising from Oghi when attacked, and the two English officers were shot whilst succouring a native soldier. A punitive expedition will be sent against the offending Akozais in October. Turning to the other side of India, matters are more pacific in BURMA, for as the disarmament policy has been considerably modified, loyal villagers are allowed to retain their arms, and so render valuable aid in checking dacoity. In INDIA Proper Calcutta has suffered from a terrific heat wave, which raised the temperature to the greatest height yet registered. Business was almost suspended, and there have been many serious cases of sunstroke and heat-apoplexy.

In the UNITED STATES the Chicago Convention has ended in nominating Mr. Harrison, of Indiana, as Republican candidate for the Presidency, and Mr. Levi P. Morton for the Vice-Presidency. This nomination is a sore disappointment for the Blaine party, who sought to gain their ends by every tortuous manoeuvre familiar to American politicians. They mustered first in support of one minor candidate, then of another, so as to beat the leading opponents, and tire out the Convention into a unanimous call for Blaine. However, their intrigues were too transparent, and it gradually became evident that there was no prospect of their leader being unanimously nominated. Mr. Blaine telegraphed from Scotland that he would not accept anything less than a united call, so his party threw up the sponge, and at the eighth ballot Mr. Harrison was unanimously elected. The Republican candidate for the Presidency is grandson of the ninth President of the United States, and counts among his ancestors one of Cromwell's generals, who signed the death-warrant of Charles I., and was hanged in consequence by Charles II. The family then emigrated to America. Mr. Harrison is fifty-five years of age, an excellent and hardworking lawyer and debater, of somewhat cold and reserved character. His selection has not aroused any enthusiasm throughout the country. As an Indiana man Mr. Harrison's nomination may possibly materially affect the position of Indiana in the Presidential election, for the fifteen votes of the State were last given to the Democratic candidate. Still, as before, New York will probably hold the casting vote, and Mr. Harrison was obliged to secure the voices of the New York Republicans by promising to support their candidate, Mr. Levi Morton, for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Morton is sixty-four years of age, and was formerly American Minister to Paris. The country supporters of the candidates who organised the elaborate demonstrations of last week hurried away before the close, wearied by the Convention's dilatoriness, and by the excessive heat, which spread all over the Eastern coast. The Republican platform contains little new, but pronounces strongly for Protection, and the free ballot alike for every citizen, foreign, white, or coloured. The Democratic Committee have now formally notified President Cleveland of his nomination for re-election, the President accepting the honour in an earnest speech, sketching the grave responsibilities of the Presidential position.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the animosity between Clericals and Liberals in ITALY has burst into fresh flame, owing to the success of the latter in the Roman Municipal Elections. To prevent the Liberals getting the uppermost hand, several Cardinals urge the Pope to authorise Catholic voters to take part in political contests, and to be more conciliatory to the Government.—The Ministerial crisis in BULGARIA has resulted in a compromise. As the Conservative Ministers were determined to resign if Major Popoff's sentence was enforced, and M. Stambouloff was equally bent on punishing him, it has been decided that Prince Ferdinand shall sign the sentence and then grant the Major a free pardon. Subsequently the Prince will restore him to his military rank.—In EGYPT affairs have greatly improved round Suakin, for the Khalifa has ordered Osman Digma to keep quiet, and permit trade with Suakin for two months as an experiment.—ZULULAND is again in trouble, for the Usutuu have risen near Jouma, and, after defeating Usibepu, unsuccessfully attacked the British police-post. Usibepu and his followers have taken refuge in the British camp.—Terrific floods have occurred in MEXICO, owing to heavy rains. The towns of Leon and Silao are ruined, other cities suffered severely, the railway is impassable for 100 miles, and some 1,500 persons are said to have perished.



THE QUEEN will only remain a fortnight longer at Windsor, going thence to Osborne for a month. Princess Louise, Lord Lorne, and the three young Princesses of Wales have been staying with Her Majesty, and the Royal party have been daily to Frogmore to visit the Royal Mausoleum. On Saturday the Bishop of Wakefield did homage to the Queen on his appointment; while next morning Her Majesty, with the three Princesses of Wales and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. Meanwhile Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to town to attend the Special Service at the German Chapel Royal in memory of the late Emperor Frederick, Princess Christian and her elder daughter, Princess Louise, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck also being present. Prince and Princess Henry lunched with Princess Louise before returning to Windsor in the afternoon. On Monday the German Ambassador had audience of the Queen, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud left Windsor for town to rejoin their parents. Next day the Prince of Wales came down to see Her Majesty on his return from Germany, the Princess following on

Wednesday. During the day, the Queen gave audience to the Special Envoy from the new German Emperor, General von Winterfeld, and to the German Ambassador, who presented his fresh credentials. Her Majesty afterwards received a "Jubilee Pilot Roll" signed by all the harbour-masters and pilots on the British coast, and congratulating the Queen on the Royal Jubilee. Thursday was the fiftieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation, and next day Her Majesty was to hold a Council. The Queen has become patron of the Armada Tercentenary commemoration.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor have returned to England from Berlin. Before leaving Germany the Princess spent a day at Dessau with her aunt, the Dowager Duchess of Anhalt; and on Sunday morning the Prince and Princess and their son attended the Memorial Service for Emperor Frederick at the English Church of St. George in Berlin. Afterwards they went to Potsdam to lunch with the Emperor and Empress, and took leave of the Empress Dowager Victoria, starting in the evening for England via Brussels and Calais. The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen saw them off at the station, and the Royal party had a quick journey of twenty-four hours, reaching London on Monday night. The King of the Belgians, Princess Louise, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz called on the Prince and Princess on Tuesday, when the Prince went to Windsor and Prince Albert Victor rejoined his regiment at York. Their public engagements being in abeyance through the Court mourning, the Prince and Princess may probably leave town earlier than usual, and, after a short stay on board the *Osborne* off the Isle of Wight, the Prince proposes to go to Royat for the waters.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has been to Paris for two days' stay on her way to Coburg to join her children. The Duke has been at Spezia with the Mediterranean Squadron, and has now gone to Bologna to see the Exhibition. Young Prince Alfred has been appointed Second Lieutenant of the 6th Thüringian Regiment.—The King of the Belgians has been staying in London *incog*, having come over on the trial-trip of the new Ostend mail-boat, *Princesse Henriette*. He also paid a flying visit to Liverpool.—The Duchess of Connaught has lost her eldest sister, Princess Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, who has died from scarlet fever following on her *accouchement*, and leaves an infant daughter. The Princess was thirty-three years of age, and had been twice married, first to Prince Henry of the Netherlands, brother of the King of Holland, who died six months afterwards; and secondly, in 1885, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are at Poona, and have attended the Memorial Service for the late German Emperor.—The Empress Dowager-Victoria of Germany will probably remain some weeks longer at Friedrichskron, and then go with her daughters to South Germany or Switzerland. Later she will visit England, and winter in Italy.



THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Judging from the attendance at the first three performances, the Handel Festival is likely to be at least as successful as any of its predecessors. This is in every sense satisfactory. Not only does it once more afford strong proof of the abiding popularity of Handel's music in England, but it shows to be entirely unfounded the fears of those who prophesied that, when the big choral battalions had been deprived of the element of novelty, the Festival itself would disappear. Instead, the institution is as strong, and excites as much general attention throughout the country, as ever. Before speaking of the actual performances, it is advisable to offer some general remarks as to the disposition of the Festival forces. It may be said at the outset that both band and chorus are better and larger than at previous festivals. The orchestra consists in all of 507 players, including 420 strings, 206 of them being violins. The wood-wind is still too weak for such a body of strings, but under present conditions this is unavoidable. The chorus has, since the previous Festival, been completely reorganised, the worn voices being discarded and replaced by younger singers, chosen by a Committee of Selection. The step, though painful, was unavoidable; while that the Committee have not been unduly harsh is exemplified by the fact that the choir still contains several vocalists who sang in the first "Trial" Festival of 1857. There are now 782 sopranos, 779 altos, 677 tenors, and 778 basses. The basses are by far the finest division of this gigantic chorus, but, although some fault was found with the tone of the sopranos at the full rehearsal last week, they sang out wonderfully well in the *Messiah* on Monday. Altogether, the Handel Festival orchestra (three-fourths professional) and choir (five-sixths amateur) of the present year is by far the best of recent Festivals. It seems to have struck with infinite astonishment several of our Continental guests, who appear to consider it little short of a miracle that, among an "unmusical nation," eighty-five thousand people can be found in a single week willing to pay large sums for seats to listen to serious music, performed by thirty-five hundred British executants.

The full rehearsal on Friday last week must be briefly dismissed. Two choruses from the *Messiah*, most of the great choruses from *Israel*, and pretty well all the "Selection" were performed. But the affair was, of course, merely a rehearsal, although the various sections had been so well trained, that only four stoppages were necessary, two for unsteadiness, and two for alterations of tempo. The attendance was 18,844.

On Monday, despite tropical weather and a thunderstorm rolling along the valley in the distance, twenty-two thousand five hundred and twenty-two persons assembled to listen to one of the finest performances of the *Messiah* ever heard at the Crystal Palace. As to the soloists, no finer quartet than Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley could have been secured, and Mr. Manns is specially to be thanked for not reverting to the former practice of dividing the music between more singers. The laurels were carried off by Mr. Santley for a magnificent delivery of "Why do the nations." However, at the Handel Festival the chorus rightly take precedence of the soloists. Only once or twice, in the most difficult florid music when so large a body of voices could hardly fail to feel some sort of trepidation, were the choristers inclined to halt; and even in those instances only temporary signs of unsteadiness were observable. For the rest, in such things as "Glory to God," "His yoke is easy," "All we like sheep," and "Lift up your heads," the choir sang superbly, while a crisper delivery of "For unto us a child is born," in which the runs were rendered by each division with unerring accuracy, or a more imposing rendering of the "Hallelujah" could hardly be wished.

On Wednesday the usual "Selection" contained a large proportion of new works. Chief of these were the fine chorus "Ye Tutelar Gods" from *Belshazzar*, the pretty "Saraband" which formed the original sketch for the well-known contralto air "Laschia ch'io pianga," a selection from *Time and Truth*, including a not particularly striking "Hallelujah," and that magnificent chorus "Calumny" from *Alexander Balus*. The vocal solos in the "Selection" were of less interest than usual, the chief exceptions being the singing by Madame Albani of "Ombra mai fu," by Mr. Lloyd of "Love in Her Eyes," and by Mr. Santley of "Honour and Arms." Besides the less-familiar choruses were, of course, included

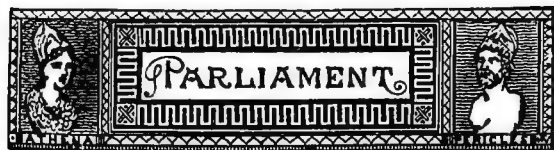
in the programme such favourites as "Wretched Lovers" and the ever-popular "Nightingale." The concert started with the Coronation Anthem "Zadok the Priest," and it included the B flat organ concerto No. 7, in which Handel first used the pedals, and, of course, the "Occasional" overture. As a whole, the scheme gave a fair view of Handel's best music during almost the whole of his artistic career, or, at any rate, from 1705 to 1757. The total attendance was 21,249.

THE OPERA.—Mr. Harris has officially announced his intention to keep the Royal Italian Opera open till July 21, but as grand and spectacular operas seem to be more to the taste of the public than lighter works, it is thought likely that this branch of the repertory will more freely be drawn upon. The strain upon the artists and also on the band and chorus will proportionately be the more severe. The programmes since we last wrote have consisted of *Lohengrin*, *Carmen* (for the tenth anniversary of its production, with Madame Hauk in the chief part) *Faust* and *Les Huguenots*, together with *Fra Diavolo* and the *Zauberflöte*, which are additions to this season's repertory. In Auber's opera Miss Ella Russell was an engaging Zerlina, but the work is not well suited to so large a theatre, and not a little of its fun and brightness were lost. As to *The Magic Flute*, with two of the leading artists (M. E. de Reszke and Madame Trebelli) away, it will be fairer to take some other opportunity of noticing it, and at the second performance it is hoped that the interpolated ballet will be expunged. At the first representation Madame Hauk was the Pamina, Miss Russell the Astrifammante, Miss Arnoldson the Papagena, and MM. Ravelli, Del Puente, and Novara severally the Tamino, Papagino, and Sarastro. Next week Rossini's *Guillaume Tell* will be mounted, and a revival of Meyerbeer's *Roberto* is also spoken of.

The Russian Opera Troupe who were to have appeared at Manchester last Monday declared that "foreign complications" prevented the fulfilment of their contract. Since then, however, matters seem to have been arranged, for the troupe will appear at Manchester next Monday, and, it is said, afterwards come to London.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—This disastrous concert season will end in about a fortnight, but during the past six days (or rather seven days, for two performances, which we must be excused from noticing, were announced on Sunday last) nearly seventy of these entertainments have been given in London. Of the serial concerts, however, only the Richters remain. At the last Richter concert a familiar programme included the *Parsifal* prelude, a selection from *The Nibelung's Ring*, Schumann's D minor Symphony, and two of the *Meistersinger* songs, sung by Mr. Lloyd.—On Thursday of this week little Otto Hegner announced his farewell recital, of pieces all of which he has played before.—On Tuesday, Dr. von Bülow gave his last recital, playing the two great sonatas, Op. 101 and 106, and the Thirty-three Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli. He was throughout in his very best mood, but his chief successes were made in the variations and in the slow movement of that most difficult masterpiece, the sonata in B flat.—On Saturday, M. de Pachmann gave his last recital, and introduced, among other things, some charming pianoforte variations by his wife, and three little trifles by Mr. Cowen.—Mr. E. H. Thorne gave a concert, the most important item of which was a solidly-written *Elegiac* sonata by himself.—The Royal College and Royal Academy Students, Sir Charles Hallé, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Signor Ducci, Mr. Ames (who introduced the "Janko" keyboard), Misses Leighton and Rosse (a performance of *Martha*), Miss Friedländer, and many others, are likewise "on the list."

NOTES AND NEWS.—By permission of the Queen the Albert Hall Choir has now been rechristened the "Royal Choral Society."—It is alleged that the orchestra of La Scala, Milan, intend to come here in July (!) to give concerts at the Royal Albert Hall.—Mr. G. R. Sims has undertaken to write a comic opera, for which Mr. Jacobi will provide the music.



At ten minutes past one on Wednesday morning the Tellers formed in line before the Table, announced the result of the division on the Vote of Censure on the Government moved from the Front Opposition Bench by Mr. John Morley. Two hundred and seventy-three had voted for the motion, and three hundred and sixty-six against, showing a majority of ninety-three for the Government. This was a famous victory. But for various reasons it did not excite commensurate enthusiasm. In the first place, it was expected. Since Friday night, when the glove was thrown down and promptly picked up by Mr. Smith, noses had been counted, and so accurate was the computation that the actual majority was within three of the figure accepted on both sides as the most probable. Further, the spirits of the House had been grievously depressed by a course of remorselessly prolonged speeches; and lastly, there was the necessity of making the quickest way possible to the yard to secure a cab.

With over six hundred gentlemen wanting to get home, and certainly not more than a hundred cabs in attendance, the last man out stood a very poor chance. As everybody knew, it was a wet night, as well as, by reason of long speeches, a melancholy one. Just as Mr. Gladstone was concluding his portentous oration, the heavens darkened, lightning played, thunder rolled, and it seemed as if the deluge had burst over London. It had partially cleared off by one o'clock in the morning; but still, for members living at any distance from the House, the prospect of a compulsory walk home was not cheering.

This is apparently a small matter to consider in connection with the great issue upon which the House of Commons was called to decide—an issue which involved the fate of the Government and a possible change of policy in Ireland. But the fact is that the two nights' debate presented so little human interest that there was plenty of room for consideration of cabs and other personal comforts. It should be remembered, as a familiar fact, that it is impossible to work up any excitement in the House of Commons when the result of a division is a foregone conclusion. Sometimes it happens that, though it is known a Government is certain to win or lose, there is the element of uncertainty introduced with respect to the precise figures of the majority. Some are halting, others have not declared their opinion, and at the last moment there may be an exhilarating surprise. But, in respect of this move from the Front Opposition Bench, everything was depressingly pre-arranged. The Home Rulers, Irish and British, voted to a man in the "Aye" lobby; the Conservatives and the followers of Lord Hartington marched in close columns into the "No" lobby. It was reckoned that the majority would be 90, and it was 93.

Except perhaps when Mr. O'Brien was speaking in the freshest hour of Tuesday's sitting, and having a crowded audience, the House was not even momentarily stirred from its condition of immobility. It plainly regarded the whole business as a sham fight, uninspired by a single element of reality of war. The onslaught began badly by the personal circumstances under which it was opened. Mr. John Morley is esteemed and admired on all the benches of the House of Commons, but he is not a stirring Parliamentary orator. His precise, unimpassioned, somewhat dry argument struck the

keynote that, with very occasional variations, was maintained throughout the two nights' debate. Mr. Goschen, who followed, has not been seen at such disadvantage since he crossed the floor of the House. When he rose to commence his reply to Mr. Morley's speech, he was greeted with some derisive cheers from the Irish camp. If it had been Mr. Chamberlain against whom this demonstration was directed, the effect would have been quickly seen in a bracing up of the orator, and an increased brilliancy in the attack and defence. Mr. Goschen, unhappily, entirely lost his equanimity under an attack that could scarcely have been unexpected. For some moments it seemed as if he would break down altogether. He stumbled around, trying to pick up the threads of his broken discourse, and when he found them he was liable to drop them again whenever Mr. Harrington laughed or Mr. Healy's ironical and stentorian cheer resounded through the House.

What Mr. Shaw-Lefevre would be in the depressing circumstances faintly indicated can be only too readily conceived by any familiar with the right hon. gentleman's prosaic modes of thought and his dull manner of speech. The House was really grateful to Colonel Sanderson when, shortly after eleven on Monday, he plunged into the fray, and, speaking up to midnight, kept things pretty lively. But, as Mr. O'Brien observed at the following sitting, the Colonel's speech would be dwelt upon only by persons in search of amusement. It was not debate, which in truth must be said of other and larger incursions on the patience of the House. On Tuesday the oratory lasted from twenty minutes past four in the afternoon till ten minutes past one on the following morning. In that space of time five speeches were delivered, for account need not be taken of the comparatively brief remarks with which Mr. Gedge and Mr. Ellis bridged over the hollow abyss of the dinner-hour. It seemed a race, the object of which was, not to convince the House of Commons, but to show who could stand for the longest time on his legs and pour forth without cessation a stream of more or less ordered words.

Mr. Gladstone did very well, speaking for an hour and forty minutes. But Mr. Balfour, feeling the weight of his official responsibility, and determined to rise to the height of the occasion, spoke for two hours and ten minutes. In such a tourney Mr. Sexton joyfully took part. When he rose it was a quarter to twelve. Everybody knew that Lord Hartington and Sir William Harcourt intended to take part in the debate. They were sitting on the Front Bench ready, and, if anything more need be said, they were the persons who might be expected to invest the continuation of the debate with a glamour of interest. But Mr. Sexton had caught the Speaker's eye, and long experience convinced all concerned that once on his legs Mr. Sexton would not be exhausted under an hour and a half, and if opportunity offered, would gladly talk for two. With a promptness justified by the event, as soon as the two Leaders beheld Mr. Sexton in possession of the House, with one consent they agreed to abandon their intention of taking part in the debate. Mr. Sexton, once wound up, talked steadily on, talked the benches opposite to him nearly empty, talked the sleepy and weary House up to close on one o'clock in the morning, and then the division took place, every one voting exactly as he had made up his mind to vote at four o'clock on Monday afternoon before a single word had been uttered, or a solitary argument advanced.

On Wednesday, the House was chiefly engaged in discussion on the second reading of the Channel Tunnel Bill, a controversy to which fresh interest was given by the appearance on the scene of Mr. Gladstone as an advocate of the measure. On the other side, Lord Randolph Churchill took up arms against the sea of trouble which he predicted the adoption of the scheme would bring upon the country. On a division, the Bill was thrown out by 307 votes against 165—a substantial majority, which seems to put an end to the project, certainly as long as the present Parliament exists.

The hapless Vote of Censure debate, which did not hurt the Government, and can hardly be said to have pleased the Opposition, made a big hole in the working-time of the week. The Local Government Bill, left stranded on Friday night, was not taken up again till Thursday, when the House would find itself face to face with the proposal to drop the Ninth Clause, which confers upon the County Councils the option of closing public-houses on Sundays, Good Fridays, and Christmas Days. On this issue, battle was to be given by Sir William Harcourt on behalf of the Opposition, the Ministerialists returning to the fray invigorated by the influence of the closing-up of their ranks that took place on the Vote of Censure division. The progress hitherto made with the Bill is so slow that conviction is spreading through the House that the Government will find the necessity of further lightening the ship by throwing overboard the Clauses dealing with the Government of London. At present the intention is guardedly denied by Mr. Smith and Mr. Ritchie. But, as was shown in respect of the Licensing Clauses, circumstances alter cases, and the "Certainly, Sir," uttered on a Monday, may be flatly contradicted on the following Tuesday.



M. SARCEY, the distinguished French critic, is of opinion that improbabilities in the "exposition," or laying out of the foundations of a story on the stage are of comparatively little importance, provided they are not followed by other improbabilities after the first act. In other words, audiences are generally found willing to concede a good deal in the way of "premisses" to the playwright's argument, provided that his conclusions are strictly logical. It must be confessed that Mr. Haddon Chambers's new romantic drama, entitled *Captain Swift*, which was subjected to a preliminary trial at a *matinée* at the HAYMARKET last week, puts these indulgent canons of dramatic art to rather a severe test. Captain Swift is a notorious North Queensland bushranger who, under the false name of Wilding, has escaped from justice, and made his way to London. Here one of his first acts is to pick up from under the wheels of a Hansom cab an old gentleman who happens to be his stepfather. Taken home by the grateful old gentleman the first person he meets happens to be the lady of whom he is the illegitimate son; the second is a gentleman from North Queensland, from whom he happens to have stolen a horse; the third is a man servant, who happens to be his foster-brother; the next is a detective, who happens to have come to England from the same outlandish part in quest of the hero of these strange coincidences. What there is of dramatic force and interest in *Captain Swift* arises partly from the anxiety of the mother to conceal her relationship to her visitor, while preventing his marrying her husband's niece and ward, and partly from her visitor's cool audacity and determination to take advantage of the unwillingness, both of his mother and her guest the North Queensland gentleman, to denounce him. The mother's motives for this attitude are, it must be admitted, abundantly strong; for, apart from the fact that her son is known to her to be of an evil nature, a marriage between him and her husband's niece and ward must perforce bring to light, sooner or later, their relationship, and thus betray the painful secret she has striven so long to keep. The great fault of the play is that nothing really comes of this position except the fact that when "the game," as stage criminals say, is "up," Wilding comes to the lodgings of the North Queensland gentleman in London, distressed and

broken down beyond anything that his antecedents have led the spectator to expect, and there blows out his brains with a pistol shot. The Horatian rule *et sibi constet* has certainly not been observed by Mr. Chambers in the portrait of his hero; but Mr. Beerbohm Tree contrives to make it dramatically effective, and the scenes between him and Lady Monckton as the mother were not without pathos. The play was both mounted and acted with far more care than is observable, as a rule, at *matinée* first performances, from which fact it has been inferred that *The Pompadour*, which is now drawing to its end, will be succeeded, though probably with the intervention of a summer holiday for the company, by this play as the chief item in the evening bill. Mrs. Tree as the heiress niece, and Mr. Macklin as the Queensland squatter, contributed much to the success of the play, and excellent character sketches were furnished by Mr. H. Kemble, Miss Rose Leclercq, and other members of the company.

Mr. Lionel Brough has secured TOOLE'S Theatre for a short season, to commence on the departure of Mr. Toole and his company for the country. He will open with *The Paper Chase*, which has been tried, and found not wanting, at a recent *matinée*.

Miss Ellen Terry's benefit at the LYCEUM will take place on Saturday afternoon next, and will be the closing incident of Mr. Irving's season. On the following Monday Madame Sarah Bernhardt will make her first appearance here in *La Tosca*.

Run Wild, the new farcical three-act comedy by E. Caffin, which has been for some time in preparation at the STRAND, will be produced by Mr. Edouin this (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. Langtry has purchased a farm of five thousand acres in California, and called it "Sandringham," in compliment to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Pointsman has been revived at the OLYMPIC, in place of *Mr. Barnes of New York*, which has not brought a harvest of gold to the management.

This has been at the theatres a week of *matinées*. No one, however, has presented any special feature of interest, except the annual benefit at the LYCEUM, on Thursday, of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, which was characterised by the usual vast display of talent, and embraced a regular Christmas pantomimic "harlequinade," in which Miss Alice Atherton played clown. This has been stated—and no one has been found rash enough to gainsay the assertion—to be absolutely the first instance of a lady making her appearance in that character.



THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, whilst on the eve of its great Annual Show, which this year takes place at Nottingham (the heart of England) the second week in July, has already hoisted its flag for its jubilee in 1889, when, at Windsor, with the Queen for President, it will render an account of its stewardship. With Her Majesty, the Council of the Society have sapiently connected the ancient Corporation of the City of London, and, on Monday afternoon, an assembly at the Mansion House made orations in favour of agriculture—"to which the City of London owed much"—and the formation of a subscription list was acknowledged to be very desirable—it always is so; whilst the Lord Mayor pledged himself and his heirs and assigns to do their very best to promote the success of the Windsor Meeting. H.R.H. Prince Christian, the Dukes of Bedford, Richmond, Portland, and Westminster, Lords Winchelsea, Moreton, Bridport, Egerton of Tatton, Emlyn, Poltmore, Rothschild, Revelstoke, and Hillington, annexed themselves to the Lord Mayor, and, after the preliminary meeting, the members present of the elected Committee set to work to commence their task. The list of visitors who attended the inaugural meeting included several well-known and representative agriculturalists.

NORFOLK.—A visit to this pre-eminently agricultural county on the occasion of the Norfolk Agricultural Show at Dereham revealed few signs of agricultural depression. Dereham itself was as gay as bunting and triumphal arches of evergreens could make it, while the thronged state of the Show, even on the half-crown day, testified to the fact that the important commodity of "petty cash" may still be found in the country of the Broads. The Show was marked by a very fine display of horses, principally hunters and hackneys. The agricultural horses were a smaller display than we had expected in Norfolk, and but for some first-rate entries from Sandringham would have been distinctly poor. The Red-polled cattle on their "native heath" were naturally a fine show, and the competition between at least three well-known Norfolk men, Mr. Tyssen-Amherst, Mr. Coleman, and Mr. Hamond, is just now so keen that East Anglian Shows receive great advantage. Some fine Shorthorns were shown, and a few first rate Southdown sheep. We were glad to note that the working dairy was well attended, and a bee-keeper's tent was also a welcome sign. There were a few new implements, and a curious display of different cattle medicines and "oils."

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY is not such as to admit of entire satisfaction, but it would be impossible to call the season, as a whole, unkindly. During the past month, the South-East district of England has had worse weather than the rest of the island. The West and North have had more rain, the East more sunshine. The hay in Norfolk is short, but the quality will probably be good. Wheat is of very indifferent promise; driving between the fields, one notices a terribly yellow look as the wind stirs the blades and stems of the growing corn. Wheat ears were not common even on Midsummer Day. Barley is better—some very good fields are to be seen. Roots of every kind look well—turnips (where up), swedes, mangolds, and potatoes. The leaves of all these plants are strong in growth, and good in colour. The orchard and the coppice tell a different tale. Fruit blossom has set irregularly, and the fruit-crops will nowhere be large. The forest-trees are eaten up by caterpillars and small grubs to a remarkable extent, many of the vales are quite denuded, and the enemy has not even spared the chestnuts, a tree which the larvae of the leading *lepidoptera* are known not to touch. Water supply is very irregular, but in parts the wells have failed, and the horse-ponds are already low.

THE HEREFORDSHIRE SHOW has just been held at Tenbury in a land of fat pastures and fertile orchards, and it is only natural that the great feature of the display should have been the famous breed of cattle which have spread to the most distant colonies the county name. So keen was the competition and so fine were the stock shown that the Earl of Coventry, Mr. Allen Hughes, Mr. Green, and Mr. Yeld of Leominster, may well be proud of their first prizes in different classes for Herefords. Shorthorns were represented, as they should be on "hostile ground," by a small but very select display. The Shropshire and Cotswold sheep were worthy of a West Country Show, and Mr. Russell Swanwick's Cotswolds were especially admired. The show of agricultural horses was better than we had looked to see, and we are glad to hear that cart-colt breeding is on the increase in both Hereford and Worcester counties.

KENT.—Mr. Burrows, of Pluckly, writes us that hawthorn this year came into blossom on June 14th, just three weeks later than usual. All the blossoming-trees, from the chestnut to the lilac and laburnum, have remained in blossom twice as many days



THE RIGHT REV. R. C. BILLING, D.D.
New Bishop-Suffragan of Bedford



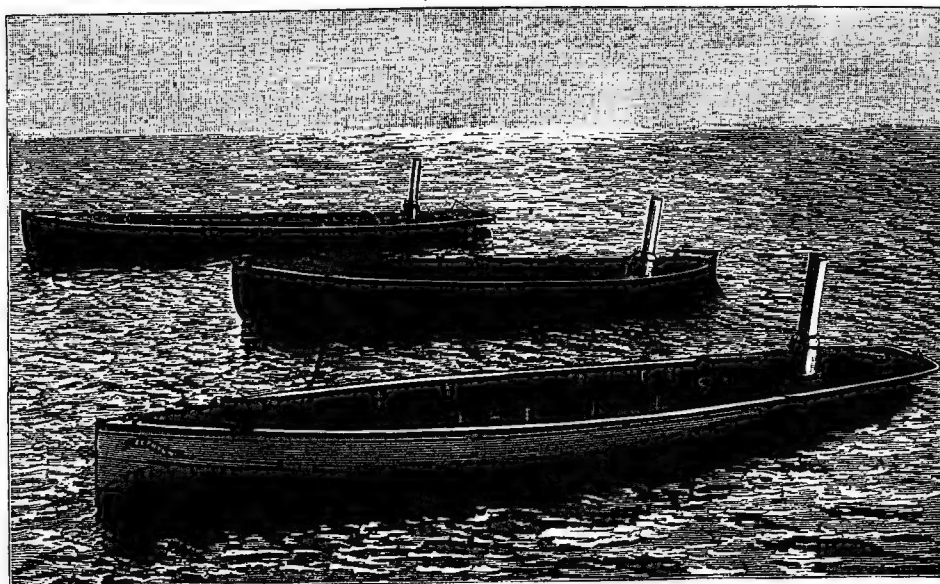
MR. FRANK H. EVANS
New Gladstonian M.P. for Southampton



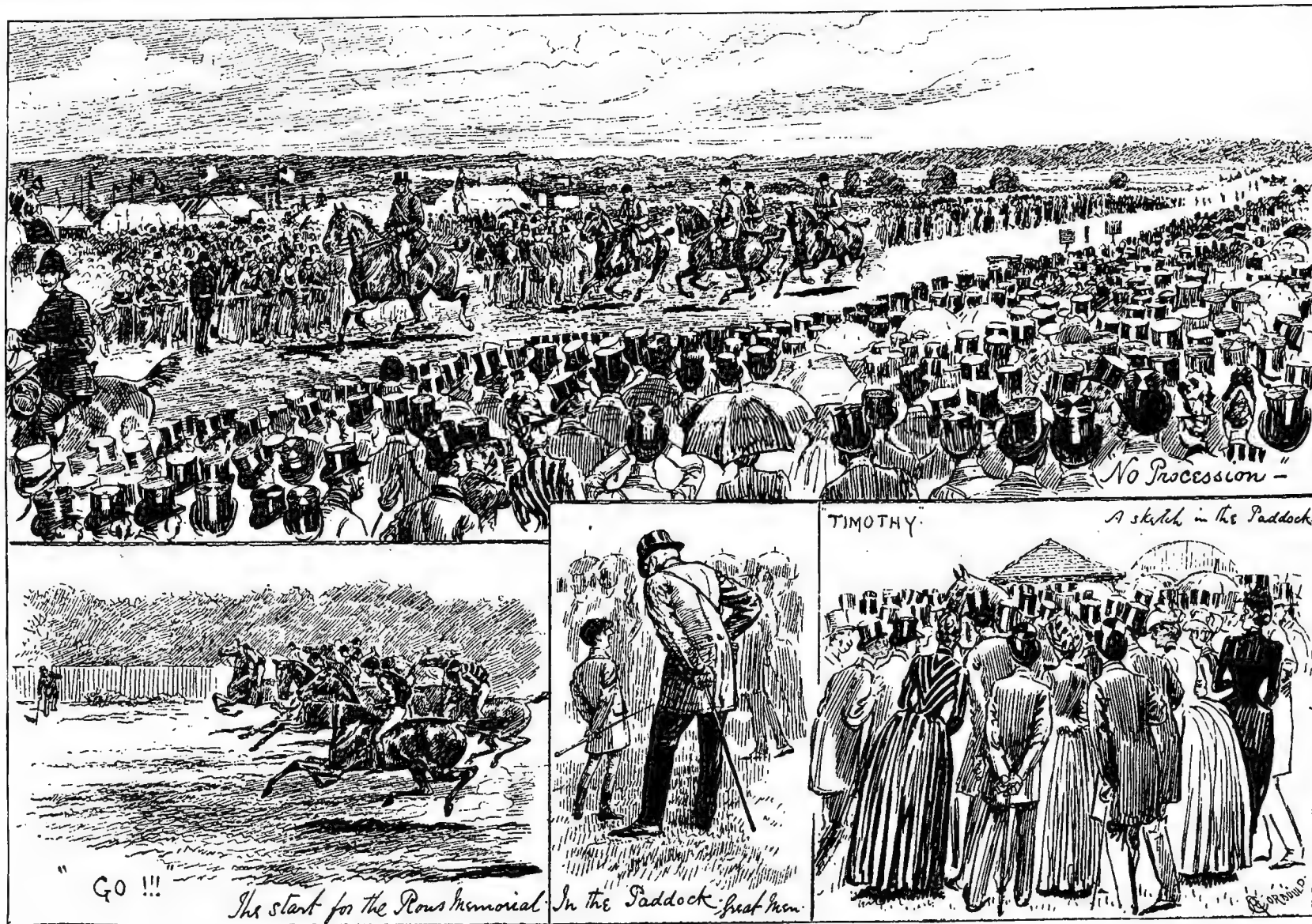
MR. JOHN SINCLAIR
New Gladstonian M.P. for the Ayr Burghs



NEW HALL, GARDEN, AND COTTAGES, RED CROSS STREET, SOUTHWARK
Recently Built and Thrown Open for the Use of the Poor through the Exertions of Miss Octavia Hill



NEW LAUNCHES OF THE "ZEPHYR" TYPE, PROPELLED BY VAPOURISED SPIRIT



"GO !!!"

The start for the Pous Memorial

In the Paddock first time

TIMOTHY

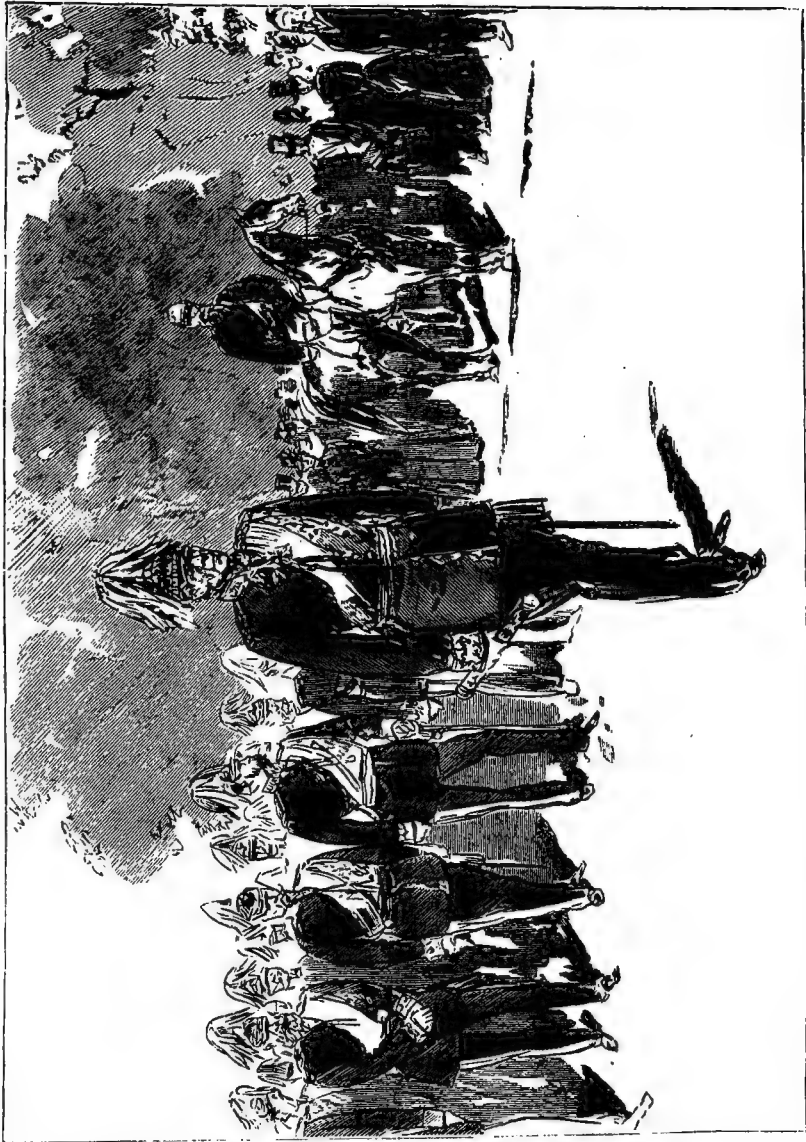
A sketch in the Paddock



THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II., WITH THE KING OF SAXONY AND THE PRINCE OF WALES, FOLLOWING THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPEROR AS CHIEF MOURNERS



THE PROCESSION OF CLERGY



FIELD MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION OF GENERALS

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR

as they did last year. The cool weather has enhanced the beauty of the country, if it has not helped the crops.

THE EXPERIMENTS making near Reading, by Mr. Sutton, seem thus far to prove the fertilising merit of an old favourite, nitrate of soda, as applied to permanent pasture. Not far behind come sulphate of ammonia and kainit. In temporary pastures, where clover is desirable, both nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia are to use an old word, "dis-recommended." The great results expected from decorticated cattle-cake have not been achieved, and basic cinder has equally failed to do justice to what had been asserted of it. Farm-yard-muck is still found the best of all manures.

THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW SEASON is now culminating. In the past week the Royal Counties at Bournemouth, the Essex County at Ilford, on Thursday and Friday, the Assembly of Members of the Royal Agricultural Society at the Duke of Bedford's Woburn Farms, to see amongst other experiments the making of an Ensilage Stack, and other events, only herald the great show of the Royal early in July.



MR. W. O'BRIEN has been occupying in the Scotch Court of Session the somewhat singular position of plaintiff in an action for libel against a newspaper, the *Glasgow Herald*. One of the grounds of the action was that the defendant-newspaper had charged him with speaking at Manchester of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish as "a victory." The defendants admitting that the statements made respecting Mr. O'Brien were unfounded, and apologising for them, he accepted 100*l.* from them "in full of all demands." Mr. O'Brien has presented the money to Sir Charles Tennant for the Home Rule Propaganda in Scotland.

THE ACTION FOR LIBEL brought by Charles Wood, the jockey, against the proprietor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, was begun, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a special jury, on Tuesday last week, and was not concluded when we went to press. Sir Henry James, with Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., led for the plaintiff, and Sir Charles Russell, with Mr. Charles Mathews, for the defendant. The alleged libel charged Wood with having "pulled" Success, so as to prevent him from winning at Lewes and Alexandra Park Races. The proceedings excited the utmost interest in the highest racing circles, and among the witnesses of rank who gave evidence were the Duchess of Montrose, the Dukes of Beaufort and Portland, Earl Cadogan (Lord Privy Seal), and Lord Hartington. Their evidence was mainly as to Wood's reputation for honesty as a jockey, some of them speaking of it as very bad, while others treated such a charge as generally current about almost every jockey of note. Among the witnesses in Wood's favour was General Owen Williams, who owned Success when ridden by him at the two races in question. The eye-witnesses of Wood's riding at those races, who were examined, included noblemen and gentlemen of position and turf experience, official judges of races, trainers, jockeys, and other experts, and their evidence was singularly conflicting, some declaring that Wood had ridden Success as he ought to have ridden him, others expressing an opposite opinion. It transpired in the course of the proceedings that Wood was understood to have been aimed at in Lord Durham's famous deliverance on turf-malpractices, and Sir Henry James in his closing speech for the prosecution, which was not finished when the Court adjourned on Wednesday, referred to Lord Durham as the real defendant in the action.

"JARNDYCE *v.* JARNDYCE over again" was Mr. Justice Kay's description of the administration-action, *Brown versus Burdett*, in which, as Chancery judge, he has been delivering judgment. The suit was commenced in 1875, and had been allowed to drag on until now, with the result that the whole estate, amounting to some 3,000*l.* in Consols, would, unless for judicial intervention, be absorbed by the costs of the action, leaving nothing to the legatees. Mr. Justice Kay disallowed a portion of the costs, and intimated that in future the Court will not permit the costs occasioned by improper litigation, or by the negligent conduct of administration proceedings, to be paid out of an estate under its care.

TWO APPLICATIONS for the delivery to the vendors of watches sold under the hire-system, all the instalments not having been paid, were stringently dealt with, and severely animadverted on, by Mr. Alderman Renals at the Guildhall. In the first case, the Alderman, having asked if the vendor could under such circumstances demand the return of an article without taking into account the amount paid in instalments, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he adjourned the summons, to give the defendant an opportunity of paying, and refused to order the re-delivery of the watch. In the second case, the defendant complained that he had been summoned for the full amount of the watch, 7*l.* 13*s.*, in the Wandsworth County Court, with costs, and that judgment had been given against him. "What!" said the Alderman to the plaintiff, "having got judgment in the County Court, come here and ask for the watch?" He added, that if the plaintiff's representative would then and there give a receipt for the whole sum, and so clear the defendant of the County Court summons, the defendant would doubtless willingly give up the watch. To this arrangement the defendant cheerfully assented, and the plaintiff's claim to the County Court costs having been overruled, the receipt was given, and the watch returned.

AT THE CLOSING MEETING OF THE UNITED LAW SOCIETY, and with obvious reference to the recently attempted sale of Barnard's Inn, a resolution was unanimously adopted in favour of steps being taken to prevent the sale of the remaining Inns of Chancery.



THE BISHOP OF OXFORD, who has been for some time an invalid, finds himself compelled to resign his see, and his resignation has been accepted. Dr. Mackarness, who is now in his sixty-eighth year, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and was elected a Fellow of Exeter College in 1844. He became successively Vicar of Tardebigge, Worcestershire, and Rector of Honiton, in which last capacity he was *ex officio* Head Master of Honiton Grammar School, exercising a general superintendence over it, but having the teaching done by deputy. In 1869, Mr. Gladstone being Prime Minister, Dr. Mackarness, who is a High Churchman, succeeded in the See of Oxford the late Bishop Wilberforce, who was translated to Winchester. He proved a quiet successor to that energetic prelate, and only on one occasion came prominently before the public. This was when he refused to issue a commission under the Church Discipline Act to inquire into the alleged Ritualistic practices of the well-known Rev. Mr. Carter, then Rector of Clewer, near Windsor. A *mandamus* was granted by the Court of Queen's Bench to compel him to set the law in motion. But the Court of Appeal reversed this decision, and

the reversal was confirmed by the House of Lords. In 1849 Dr. Mackarness married a sister of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

WITH MUCH PRELIMINARY POMP AND CEREMONY Dr. Walsham How has been enthroned in the Cathedral of Wakefield first Bishop of that Diocese, the Archbishop of York officiating, and preaching a sermon in support of the thesis that whatever has been done to alleviate the condition of the poor was done by Christianity.

DR. THICKESSE, Archdeacon of Northampton, and Resident Canon of Peterborough, has been appointed Suffragan Bishop of Leicester in the Diocese of Peterborough. At the time of his appointment to the Archdeaconry he was Vicar of Brackley, Northamptonshire, but resigned this living in 1879 in order to devote himself to his archidiaconal work. This he did until last year, when, the *Record* says, "he volunteered for the small country rectory of Bruntingthorpe, in Leicestershire, on the border of his archdeaconry, which, on account of agricultural depression, no one could be found to accept."

THREE HUNDRED DELEGATES, representing eighty branches and 20,000,000 of the adherents of the Presbyterian Church throughout the world, will meet in public conference as a Pan-Presbyterian Council in Exeter Hall, from the 3rd to the 12th July, for the discussion of Presbyterian principles and polity, and other subjects interesting to members of that widely-spread communion.

AT THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SUNDAY SOCIETY, its President, the Rev. William Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate, in the chair, the Hon. Secretary, in a retrospect of the past year, referred to the opening during it on Sundays of the Exhibitions of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Grosvenor Gallery, the Institute of Painters in Oil-Colours, and of the Cadogan Gardens Studio; to that of the public libraries in Chelsea, Kensal Town, and Kensington; as well as of many in provincial towns; and to the fact that at its last meeting the Trades' Union Congress declared in favour of the Sunday opening of museums. In the course of his presidential address, the Chairman remarked that they had no wish, far from it, to introduce the Continental Sunday into England, but that the observance of the day which the Lord's Day Observance Society was trying to preserve was simply "Snoozing and Boozing."

IN 1881 there presented themselves 141,274 Board School pupils to be examined in Scripture knowledge for the prizes offered by Mr. Francis Peek and the Religious Tract Society. Last December the number examined had risen to 235,454.



The Epsom authorities have at last been aroused to the fact that the big stakes now offered necessitate their adding to the attractions of the Derby and Oaks. Accordingly, the winner of the "Blue Ribbon" in 1890 will be guaranteed a stake of 5,000*l.* at least, while the ladies' race is to be worth 4,000*l.* as a minimum.

The twenty-six of Her Majesty's yearlings, disposed of on Saturday, sold very well, the average price being about 500*l.* The Duke of Portland gave 2,600 guineas for a colt by St. Simon—Lady Gladys, and 1,500 for a filly by the same sire—Quiver. These were the highest prices fetched.

Mr. C. Perkins followed up his good form at Gosforth Park by winning the Seaton Delaval Plate with Chitabob, who has proved himself a very promising and, we may add, performing colt. At Alexandra Park, on Saturday, the chief events were the Alexandra Handicap, won by the oddly-named Eskeveke, and the Middlesex Handicap, won by Brownie. E. Martin and S. Loates each rode a couple of winners.

The weather was dull, and the sport not very exciting at the Bibury Club Meeting on Tuesday. Theosophist won the Scurry Welter after a dead-heat with Robertson; Balderdash landed the Bibury Stakes, and Amphion the Champagne Stakes; while Donovan easily secured the Home-Bred Foal Stakes from his solitary opponent, Porlock. The weather was as bad, but the sport better, at Stockbridge next day. Annamite followed up his recent successes by taking the Andover Stakes; Fullerton added another win to Sir George Chetwynd's credit by securing the Stockbridge Cup; Rhythm beat Balderdash and seven others in the Beaufort Handicap Plate; and Pantomime secured the Stockbridge Foal Stakes for Prince Soltykoff.

CRICKET.—Some remarks upon the University Match which begins on Monday will be found among our "Topics of the Week." Neither team did very well in their last trial-matches. Oxford allowed Surrey to put together the gigantic total of 650—highest on record for a first-class match in England. To this, Abel contributed 97, and Mr. W. W. Read, who on the previous Saturday had made 132 against the Parsees, no less than 338, which is only second to Mr. W. G. Grace's 344 for M.C.C. *v.* Kent, made in 1876. Rain caused this match to be drawn, as was that between Cambridge and a not very strong team of M.C.C. Oxford were also beaten by Lancashire, after seeming to have the game well in hand. The Dark Blues put together 315 (Mr. F. H. Gresson 114, and Lord George Scott 97) in their first innings, but could only score 42 in their second, against the bowling of Watson and Briggs, and were consequently beaten by 20 runs. A still closer finish was that of the match between the Australians and a powerful M.C.C. Eleven, which the Colonists won by 14 runs. Yorkshire, for whom Wainwright, a new comer, made 105, drew with the Australians (Bonnor 115). An amusing match between ladies and gentlemen connected with the theatrical and journalistic professions was played last week. The ladies, who played with bats, were beaten in spite of the good play of Miss Maude Miller, who made 27 not out, and bowled three wickets. For the gentlemen, who played left-handed, and with broomsticks, Mr. J. G. Robertson, of the Savoy Theatre, was in great form. The Thornbury Club did some big scoring last week. They made 645 for six wickets against Wotton-under-Edge, four of the team making centuries, and next day they administered a tremendous thrashing to the Bristol Medicals, Dr. E. M. Grace knocking up 202. In more important matches Kent has beaten Notts, Leicestershire Essex, and Sussex Hampshire.

LAWN TENNIS.—The Renshaws seem to be in good form again. They won the Championship Doubles at the Northern Tournament at Liverpool. Mr. W. J. Hamilton won the Singles, and Miss Lottie Dod the Ladies' Singles. At the L.A.C. Tournament the Singles were won by Mr. H. S. Barlow, and the Ladies' Singles by Miss Jacks, but in each case they failed to win the Championships, and Mr. E. W. Lewis and Mrs. Hilyard have now secured their cups outright.

MISCELLANEOUS.—W. Wood won the Twenty Miles Professional Bicycling Championship, F. Wood being his nearest opponent. Howell was nowhere.—The English Football Team in Australia drew with Castlemaine, but were beaten by South Melbourne, both matches being under Victorian rules.—The Sussex County Polo Team, which included three of the Peats, won the Open Champion Cup at Hurlingham, the Freebooters being their opponents in the final.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE lovers of genuine poetry owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. John Renton Denning for his "Poems and Songs" (Bombay: Education Society's Press, Byculla), one of the freshest and pleasantest volumes of verse we have met with for some time. The main preface, "The Exile," apart from its melodious verse and pathetic story, is a much-needed protest against the vulgar notion that the life of the Indian civilian is one of luxurious idleness—the case might have been put in even stronger terms. In "Ilia" we have a pretty fairy tale, suggested by the old Manx legend of the wren, in which, without a hint of plagiarism, the influence of Keats is plainly traceable; the death of the charmed doe is particularly telling. The same influence is to be traced in many parts of the volume, most notably in "A Dream of Love" and "Truth and Beauty"—a charming and fanciful poem in good ottava rima; whilst in "Sylvia" we have almost a Shakespearian ring. Perhaps one of the most purely original pieces is "Chel-sea Janie," a pathetic but intensely painful story; there is the true spirit of tragedy in the passage where the body of the dead girl floats up beside her cruel father's barge—but we must point out that "travelling" and "railing" are rhymes to the eye only, a blemish which might easily be removed. Of the minor pieces, "Forgiven" is really fine; "My Friend, the Indian Editor," quaintly combines humour and pathos; and the "Cavalier Drinking Song" has the true ring. The book is dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Connaught.

In spite of a somewhat unwisely eulogistic preface by Principal Cairns of Edinburgh, there is little worthy of note in "Holiday Recreations and other Poems," by Alexander Skene Smith (Chapman and Hall, Limited). The verses are for the most part such as might be written by any cultivated man of sincere, if somewhat narrow-minded piety, with a keen eye for the beauties of Nature; some are little better than doggerel, e.g. "Arran" and "Tobermory," whilst many are of too purely personal interest to be suited for general reading. As for the attempts at a metrical version of the Psalms, one wonders why Mr. Smith published them, since, in his preface, he confesses them to be failures.

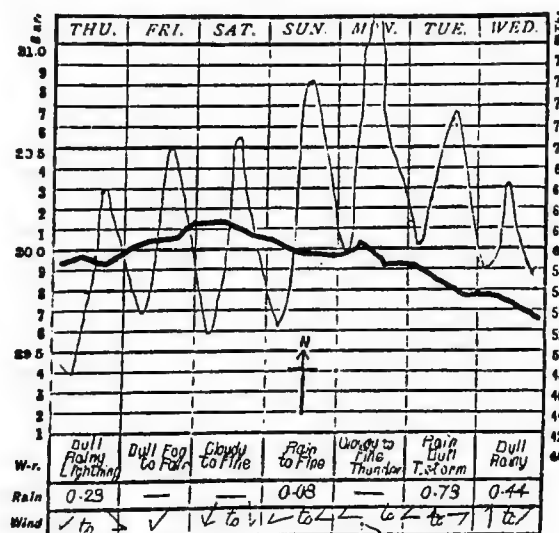
A pleasant little volume in its way is "Translations from Horace," with notes by Sir Stephen E. De Vere, Bart. (Walter Scott: "Canterbury Poets" Series). The renderings are scholastic, though not, perhaps, the best that have appeared, and the preface is good. The translator rightly draws attention to the absence in Horace of the subjective element, and to his eminent quotability. As regards the translation from Walter Map, it is hardly satisfactory; Leigh Hunt's version reproduces both the spirit and the matter of the original far better.

An agreeable and, in some measure, valuable collection, is "Irish Minstrelsy: Being a Selection of Irish Songs, Lyrics, and Ballads," edited, with notes and introduction, by H. Halliday Sparling (Walter Scott). Something will be found to suit all tastes; the political element is not too much obtruded, and a few of the pieces—notably amongst the street ballads—have an almost antiquarian interest.

"Darkness and Light: a Poem," by Noel Vandal (Swan Sonnenschein), is a doubtless well-intentioned production in fair Spenserian stanzas, the best feature of which is its brevity. It is of a quasi-religious tendency, and seems intended to advocate the doctrine of universal restoration, but it is tedious reading. As for the stanzas at page 20, they simply embody a *petitio principii*.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1888



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (27th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week, although very changeable, has shown a distinct improvement when compared with the previous period, more especially in regard to temperature. During the greater part of the time pressure was highest to the Northward and lowest to the Southward of our Islands, with light to moderate North-Easterly or Easterly breezes prevailing very generally. The weather was mostly bright and dry, but cool at the Irish and Scotch Stations, while elsewhere showers fell occasionally, with bright intervals, and somewhat high temperatures. Heavy rain fell during Thursday (21st inst.) over the South of England, the largest amounts ranging from 0.6 inch to 1.0 inch in the twenty-four hours. At the close of the week a decided decrease in pressure had taken place over our Islands generally, and the distribution showed that a system of low readings was lying off our West Coasts, while the anticyclone was giving way. Fine bright skies still continued in the North, with an improvement in temperature, but elsewhere the weather fell into a very showery condition, with thunderstorms in many places, heavy local rains, and very close air. The thunderstorm of Tuesday evening (26th inst.) over the Metropolitan area was not at all severe, but the rainfall (over an inch) was the greatest reported from any of our stations. Temperature during Monday (21st inst.) rose to 82° over the North, and to 88° over the East of England, while on Saturday morning (23rd inst.) it fell below 40° in the East of Scotland.

The barometer was highest (30.15 inches) on Saturday (23rd inst.); lowest (29.68 inches) on Wednesday (27th inst.); range 0.47 inch. The temperature was highest (85°) on Monday (25th inst.); lowest (48°) on Thursday (21st inst.); range 37°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 1.43 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.73 inch on Tuesday (26th inst.).

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' SCHOOL.—The eighty-second anniversary festival in aid of the funds of this school takes place at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday next, 3rd July, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred H. Bevan. The school wholly maintains, clothes, and educates close upon 250 helpless children of deceased or distressed licensed victuallers, who are kept in it until the age of fifteen. The annual expenditure of the institution is 7,500*l.*

THE "WHIPPET" CYCLES.

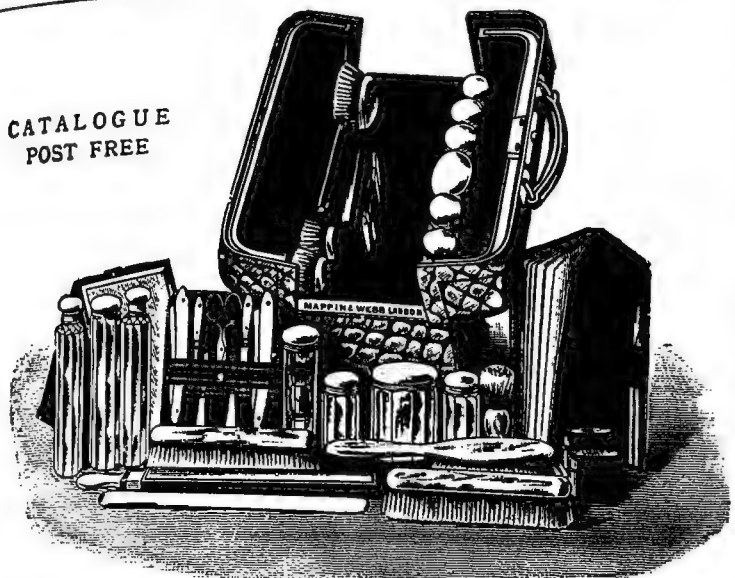


The "Whippet" removes that greatest of all objections to cycling—VIBRATION. "Whippet" riders do not go miles out of their way to avoid bad roads, but take them as they come. The "Whippet" is to other machines what a well-sprung carriage is to a cart without springs.

It is strange that the cycle has been so long without having the BODY OF THE MACHINE ENTIRELY MOUNTED ON AN EFFICIENT SPRING. In every kind of carriage, and even in the heaviest locomotives, the necessity of having the whole structure mounted on springs has been recognised, and there is no doubt that it is only the great difficulty of doing the same thing in cycles without making the steering unreliable or losing power in the driving that has kept it back so long. Cycles have not been made with rigid frames (like carts to carry sand) because a spring was not wanted, but because no one was able to do it. We do not wish the public to take our word for anything that we claim for the "Whippet," but only ask for a fair trial in comparison with any other machine.

LINLEY AND BIGGS, 29, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.

CATALOGUE
POST FREE



MAPPIN & WEBB'S TRAVELLING BAGS.

OXFORD ST. W., & POULTRY, E.C.

MANUFACTORIES:—

34, KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, and NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Reliable and Energetic Agents wanted all over the world for the sale of the following wonderful invention. Exceptional terms to good men, and every facility offered to ensure successful results.

A TRULY MARVELLOUS SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

ONLY 5/- EACH. **DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL ELECTRIC BATTERY** 5/- EACH.
STOP TAKING MEDICINE, AND TRY NATURE'S OWN REMEDY—ELECTRICITY.

FOR THE
SPEEDY RELIEF
AND CURE OF

INDIGESTION, DEBILITY, LIVER COMPLAINT, RHEUMATISM, SICK HEADACHES, PARALYSIS, NERVOUSNESS, SKIN DISEASES, SWOLLEN JOINTS, HEARTBURN



FOR THE
SPEEDY RELIEF
AND CURE OF
FEVER, BILIOUSNESS, WEAK STOMACH, NEURALGIA, SPINAL DISEASE, CONSTIPATION, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, & ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM DISORDERS OF THE BLOOD, IMPAIRED VITALITY, & WEAK CIRCULATION.

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY is the most wonderful miniature Electrical Appliance before the public. It is worn on the chest, next the skin, and acts directly on the circulating system, producing a mild electric current without shock; it gives strength and vitality to the nerve forces, uniform and healthy circulation to the blood, and assists Nature in restoring the weak and diseased parts to their healthy and desired condition. It causes hundreds of little nerves and muscles to respond to its action directly it is applied, and in acute attacks invariably gives instant relief.

DR. LOWDER'S BATTERY will cure complaints when all other remedies (so-called) have proved useless. It is constructed on strictly scientific principles, and supplies the necessary amount of Electricity without the aid of acid or fluid of any kind, is so simple in construction, does not get out of order, and retains its power for years.

DR. LOWDER'S MEDICAL BATTERY should be worn by every one, especially during the warm weather, as it invigorates the system, renews loss of energy, and dispels that languid feeling so prevalent at this season of the year.

We shall be pleased to submit the originals of all below, and many others, to Patients and others who will favour us with a visit.

"I HAVE TRIED ALMOST ALL MEDICINES."
Dear Sir,—I am most pleased to say that I have received most beneficial results from wearing the Battery. I was and have been for several years suffering from Nervous Debility and Indigestion brought on by overwork, and I may say that I HAVE TRIED ALMOST ALL MEDICINES, also pills, but not with the results I have derived from your simple appliance. I am Sir, yours truly, W. WOOD, 14, Lawson Terrace, London Road, Newcastle, Staff.

"PRODUCED MOST BENEFICIAL RESULTS."
Dear Sir,—I am happy to say that the Battery has produced most beneficial results.—Thanking you I remain, yours truly, W. GUNN, 7, High Street, Rochdale.

"I FELT IMMEDIATE RELIEF."
Dear Sir,—I am glad to say that as soon as I put your precious little Battery on I FELT IMMEDIATE RELIEF, and the pain left me. I recommended the little gem to others who I think are in want of it. I give many thanks for your trouble, and remain your obliged, CATH. DOOLAN, Widow, entering my 80th year, 8, Calvert Place, Dalry Road.

"I NEVER BEEN TROUBLED SINCE."
Dear Sir,—I am very pleased with the Batteries. I have found them to be very good, having been troubled with Rheumatism. I HAVE NEVER BEEN in any pain since I have worn them. Many pounds may be wasted in Medicines, and other largely advertised remedies without the slightest ultimate benefit being derived. It is a well-known and recognised fact that Electricity properly applied will cure a patient when everything else has totally failed to render the slightest service. This wonderful remedial agent is rapidly becoming more and more generally adopted, and must eventually be the leading curative medicine for the treatment of nearly all diseases and complaints, it being now so generally adopted in the Hospitals and by our leading Medical Men.

In severe and obstinate cases it has been found necessary to wear two, or even three Batteries, especially where the disease or complaint is of long standing. All correspondence is treated as strictly confidential, and advice is given gratis. Write for Private Advice Form, post free on application.

ONE BATTERY, 5s.; TWO FOR 9s.; THREE FOR 12s. 6d. POST FREE. ADDRESS—**THE MAGNETO-ELECTRIC BATTERY COMPANY,** 139, 141, and 143, OXFORD STREET (Opposite Berners St.), LONDON, W.

CAUTION.—Only Address. P.O.O's to be made payable to the General Post Office, and should be crossed " & Co." for safety. Reliable Agents wanted in all parts. Terms on application. N.B.—KINDLY MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING.

THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS,

Steam Yacht "VICTORIA," 1,804 Tons register, 1,500 Horse Power, R. D. Lunham, Commander, will be despatched from Tilbury Dock as follows:—
21st JULY for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
11th AUGUST for 16 days' cruise to the NORWEGIAN FIORDS.
30th AUGUST for 30 days' cruise to the BALTIC. About 1st NOVEMBER, Next, it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND THE WORLD.
The "VICTORIA" is always on view between the cruises, has Electric Light, Bell, and all modern improvements.
For Particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam Yacht "VICTORIA" Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

STEAMERS TO NORWAY, the

BALTIC, THE ORKNEY and SHETLAND ISLANDS.—Delightful and popular twelve days trip to the West Coast, and Fiords of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen every Saturday during July and August by the magnificent steamships, "ST. SUNNIVA" and "ST. ROGNVALD." Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with all modern requisites for the comfort of passengers, and make the passage between Aberdeen and Norway in twenty hours. "ST. SUNNIVA" makes a three weeks' trip to the Baltic on 1st September, calling at Christiania, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg.
Direct Steamers to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith five times a week. To Shetland in 15 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours by the fast and comfortable steamers, "ST. MAGNUS," "ST. CLAIR," "ST. NICHOLAS," and "QUEEN." Particulars of sailing (and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 3d.), may be had from John A. Clinkskill, 102, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Sewell and Crowther, 18, Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all Branch Offices; C. MacIver and Son, Tower Building, Water Street, Liverpool; Words and Co., 49, West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 16, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh, and 64, Constitution Street, Leith; Charles Merryces, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

NEW WAY OF DOING THE HAIR.

See SYLVIA'S HOME JOURNAL, July, 1888, Now Ready, price 6d., at all Booksellers, and WARD, LOCK, & CO., Salisbury Sq., London, E.C.

FULL-SIZED PATTERN of a

NEW and FASHIONABLE MANTLE. See SYLVIA'S HOME JOURNAL, July, 1888, Now Ready, price 6d., at all Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls, and WARD, LOCK, & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.

THE NEW HOSPITAL FOR

WOMEN, 222, Marylebone Road, N.W. Established 1874. A PUBLIC MEETING in aid of the Building Fund will be held at the MANSION HOUSE, FRIDAY, JULY 6th, 1888, at 3.30 p.m. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presiding. Earl Granville, K.G., Viscount Cross, G.C.B., Sir Henry Acland, K.C.B., Rev. Prebendary Rogers, Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, John Westlake Esq., Q.C., Mrs. Garrett Anderson and others will take part in the proceedings.—A. G. SNELGROVE, Warrford Court, E.C., Secretary of Fund.
Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer at the Hospital, or to the Secretary as above. Bankers: Bank of England, Western Branch.

WORTH ET CIE.

ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

"ART WHEN STEPS IN NATURE FAILS."



CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted from 2 1/2 to 10 guineas.
CORSETS and SUPPORTING STAYS, for Deformities, Curvatures, Spinal Compression, and Defects of the Figure, under medical supervision. SELECTED FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea. Full Descriptive Circulars and Measurement Form on application.
134, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

The Beauty of the Skin enhanced by



POUDRE D'AMOUR

(Prepared by PICARD FRERES, Parfumeurs). A Toilet Powder, combining every desideratum, Hygienic and Cosmetic, for beautifying and Softening the skin. It will be equally welcomed by all, for imparting a most natural fraîcheur to the complexion. Gentlemen will find it most soothing and pleasant for use after shaving.
In three tints: Blanche for fair skins, Naturelle for darker complexions, and Rachel for use by artificial light.
Price 1s. By Post free from observation, 1s. 3d.
Depot, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, BERNERS STREET, W., and 91-95, CITY ROAD, E.C., LONDON.

JEYES'

(33 PRIZE MEDALS)

DISINFECTANTS.

FLUID, POWDER, & SOAP.

Are declared to be the True Germicide, the True Disinfectant, the True Antiseptic, by the Highest Medical Authorities of the day.
"Jeys' Perfect Purifier" is the best Disinfectant in use. All places as sweetened by it. Sold everywhere in Bottles and Tins at 6d. and 1s. each. Soaps from 4d. per pound. See "Jeys' Trade Mark" on every label. Wholesale only, 44, CANNON STREET, E.C.

BENHAM & SONS,

CHIMNEY PIECES, STOVES, TILES, COOKING APPARATUS, KITCHENERS, LAUNDRIES, LIFTS, ENGINEERING, ELECTRIC LIGHTING, ELECTRIC BELLS. WIGMORE ST., LONDON.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn Circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most moderate prices.



S. SAINSBURY'S LAVENDER WATER

A HIGHLY PERFUMED
Scent of great
Refinement, Strength,
and lasting Quality.

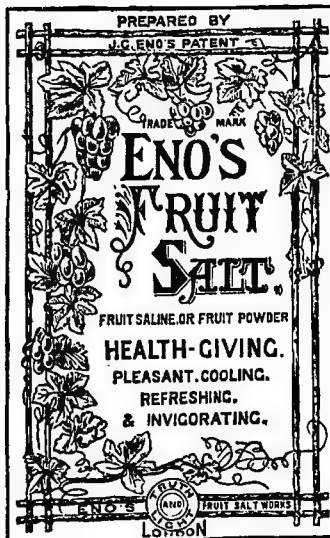
Very Economical in Use.
Prepared from the finest ENGLISH
LAVENDER, and other most choice scents.

176 and 177, STRAND, LONDON,

AT THE RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS, and GENERALLY THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Prices, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s., 3s., 4s. 6d., and 6s.; post free, 2d. extra. In neat Cases suitable for Presents, from 3s. to 15s. 6d.; post free 3d. extra.

DISORDERED STOMACH, INDIGESTION, AND SLUGGISH LIVER.



"Please forward, by return of post, one bottle of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' by doing so will greatly oblige. Have enclosed stamps, 1s. 3d. Your 'MOTOS,' together with the 'FRUIT SALT,' are doing me more good than any medicine I have taken for Indigestion and the Liver."—Extract from a Lady's Letter, April, 1888.

ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTO.'

Of all Chemists, price 1s. 1 1/2d.; post free, 1s. 3d.

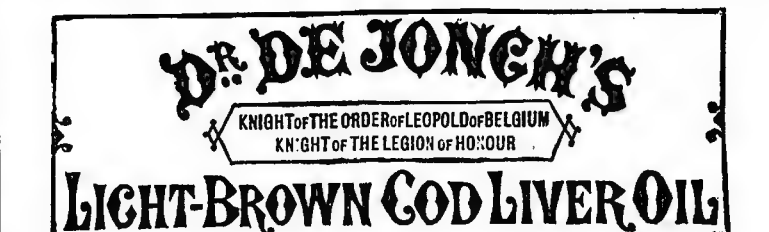
IMPORTANT TO ALL. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" and ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO"

Should be kept in every house and every travelling trunk in readiness for any emergency.

PREPARED ONLY at ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



Whitens the Teeth, prevents Decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Ask Chemists and Perfumers for ROWLAND'S ODONTO.



Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Medical Experience to be THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY AT ALL AGES.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D., Physician to the Queen in Ireland.

"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."

DR. EDGAR SHEPPARD, Professor of Psychology, Med., King's College.

"Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D. Physician to the Westminster Hospital.

"The value of Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases, chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by the world of medicine."

DR. SINCLAIR COGHILL, Phys. Hosp. for Consumption, Ventnor. "In Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by all Chemists and Druggists. SOLE CONSIGNEES—ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W. CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

EXHIBITIONS.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

In aid of the British Home for Incurables. Patrons: T.R.H. the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, and the CROWN PRINCE and PRINCESS OF DENMARK.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

On the site of the previous Exhibitions. South Kensington. The Most Beautiful Gardens in London. Now in all their Summer Beauty.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

Danish Village from Amager Land, with Amager Peasants in National Costume. Aquatic Performance and Swimming Entertainment in the Lake by Professor Reddish's Troupe daily at 4.30 and 8.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, the Children's Festival of the Season. Tableaux Vivants at 3.30, 5.30, and 9. Directed by H. Saville Clarke. Change of Programme. New Tableaux. "Mr. Saville Clarke's pictures are delightful."—*World*.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

Fine Art Galleries in the Royal Albert Hall. Entrance through the Conservatory. Open DAILY 11 a.m. till 8 p.m.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

Band of the Grenadier Guards, conducted by Lieut. Dan Godfrey. Band of the Royal Artillery, conducted by Cavalier L. Zaverlial.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

Arctic Mountain Railway, Real Toboggan Slide, Brilliant Illuminations by James Pain and Sons. Open 11 to 10. Admission 1s. Wednesdays, open till 11 p.m. Season Tickets, One Guinea.

ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION
and FETE.

EDMUND IRONSIDE BAX, Secretary.

IRISH EXHIBITION IN LONDON,
1888. Now Open.OLYMPIA, KENSINGTON.
PRODUCTS AND MANUFACTURES
OF IRELAND.

IRISH ARTS AND ANTIQUITIES.

Open 11 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.
Admission, ONE SHILLING.
Wednesdays, 1s. 6d.
SEASON TICKETS, ONE GUINEA.

Excursions from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

TO ARTISTS,
AND
ART STUDENTS.

SOME years ago a "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF WOOD ENGRAVING was established, which has since been eminently successful in producing some engravers of talent all of whom are now employed on the permanent staff of "THE GRAPHIC."

It is now proposed to found a SCHOOL FOR ARTISTS, who will be instructed in the different methods of producing Black and White Drawings most suitable for Engraving on Wood, or for the different processes now employed for Illustrations here and on the Continent.

It is generally well known that some of our foremost Artists have first distinguished themselves in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC," before making their great reputation as Painters. The names of LUKE FILDERS, FRANK HOLL, HENRY WOODS, E. J. GREGORY, R. W. MACBETH, and HUBERT HERKOMER of the Royal Academy may be cited as examples, and if we wish to hold our own among European Art-workers, it is highly necessary that this most important branch should be encouraged, and that all the Prize should not be suffered to fall into the hands of French and German artists.

REGULATIONS FOR ADMISSION.

1. Each candidate (who must not be more than twenty-five years of age), will be required to send to the DIRECTOR OF "THE GRAPHIC," 190, STRAND, W.C. (with stamped and addressed envelope for their return), a Set of Original Sketches of FIGURE SUBJECTS.

2. They may consist of either scenes of actual events, portraits from life, drawings from animals, or humorous sketches.

3. Studies from Still Life, the Antique, or Landscape Sketches cannot be received.

4. The Candidate must state his age and address, and mark outside the packet, "Drawings for Competition."

5. No Premium will be required. The students will be chosen according to the merit of the drawings submitted, but after selection they will have a fortnight's trial before being definitively accepted.

The instruction from capable Masters will be free, but the Students must find their own materials, and share the expense of models.

The hours of attendance (from 9.30 to 5) will have to be strictly kept, and the Student will be liable to dismissal if not considered sufficiently diligent or competent.

The Director of "THE GRAPHIC" may at any time propose to make an agreement with the Student to retain his services for a term at a fixed salary, to be mutually agreed upon.

NOTE.—It will save correspondence to state that the remuneration depends entirely on the industry and capability of the student, but there is no doubt that a large field of employment is open for clever artists in illustrating different publications, and that the yearly incomes at the present time derived from this source range from two hundred to two thousand pounds.

"THE GRAPHIC" OFFICE,
190, STRAND, W.C.SOUTH-EASTERN COLLEGE,
RAMSGATE.

President—The Very Rev. the DEAN OF CANTERBURY, D.D.

Head-Master—The Rev. E. D'AQUIER, M.A., Clare College, Cambridge.

The College is a public school, intended to afford a sound education based on the Protestant and Evangelical principles of the Church of England. 450 boys; 24 Masters (Graduates).

Exhibitions and Scholarships of £10, £15, and £20 are annually thrown open for competition.

Chapel, Gymnasium, Workshop, Swimming Bath, Tennis Courts, Fields of over 200 acres, Cycle Path, &c.

Fees for board and tuition, £57 per annum.

SOUTH-EASTERN COLLEGE,
JUNIOR SCHOOL.

Under the immediate supervision of
Rev. E. D'AQUIER and the Rev. J. B. WHITING.

Fees same as in the College.

For full information as to both branches apply to Head Master.

PASTEL PAINTING. By J. L.
SPRINK. Vide *The Artist*, September, 1886.

"We cordially recommend this little work to all Artists."—*Per.* 6s. 1s. 1d.—LECHERTIER, BARBE, and Co., 60, Regent Street, W.

METZLER & CO.'S

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

Gold Medals.
1,000 Testimonials.
Highest Awards.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

Supplied to
Her Majesty the Queen.
The Empress Eugenie.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

Used in
Westminster Abbey,
St. James's Hall, &c.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

May be had on
the Three Years' System of Hire and Purchase,
from 30s. to 45s. per quarter.

MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.

Liberal discount for cash.
New Illustrated Catalogues post free.

METZLER and CO.,
41, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., W.JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
33, GREAT PULTENEY ST., LONDON, W.

GOLD MEDAL EXHIBITION, 1885.
GOLD MEDAL, SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.

PIANOFORTES FOR SALE at from 35 to 450 Gs.
PIANOFORTES at HIRE.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.

desire it to be most distinctly understood that
they are Pianoforte Manufacturers only, and that their
only address is 27, Baker Street, Portman Sq., London.

£15.—THOMAS OETZMANN
and CO. have succeeded in manufacturing
a thoroughly reliable & FULL COMPASS PIANO

from 15 Drawings sent free.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

£15.—OETZMANN'S £15
PIANO, 7 octaves, iron plate, thor-

oughly sound and strong. Warranted for 20 years.
Packed free and sent safely to any part of the kingdom.
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

£15.—HEADS OF FAMILIES

and Principals of Schools should see the
£15 Piano, as no other House has ever offered so
good a Piano at so low a price. Packed free.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

£15.—THESE THOROUGHLY

Sound, Substantial Pianos can be ob-
tained of all Pianoforte Dealers throughout the King-
dom, or packed up free, sent from the manufacturers,
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—Pianos and
ORGANS. Re Senior Partner Deceased.

Absolute sales previous to new partnership. Ten
years warranty. Easy terms. Good Cottage Pianos,
8 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.

Class 0. 14 gs. Class 3. 33 gs. Class 6. 35 gs.
Class 1. 17 gs. Class 4. 26 gs. Class 7. 40 gs.
Class 2. 20 gs. Class 5. 30 gs. Class 8. 45 gs.

American Organs, by the best makers, from 45 to
100 guineas. W.B.—The Railway Return Fare will
be refunded to any purchaser of an instrument ex-
ceeding 16 guineas whose residence is within 100 miles
of London.—91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Established
103 years.

PLEYAL, WOLFF, and CO.'S
PIANOS. Every description for SALE or
HIRE. Illustrated Lists free.

SOLE AGENCY, 170, New Bond Street, W.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'
Pianofortes are the perfection of touch, tone, and
durability.

18, 20, and 22, WICOMBE STREET, LONDON, W.
Illustrated Lists post free.

TOLADIES.—SALE OF NEW
MUSIC at a large reduction, and post free. All
new songs, pieces, &c., of all publishers. New copies,
best editions. Prices commence 4d., 6d., 8d., &c.
Catalogues sent gratis, and post free.—J. W. MOFFATT,
Barnsbury House, 280, Caledonian Road, 1 London, N.

NEW NOVELS at all LIBRARIES.

THE REBEL ROSE. In 3 vols.,
crown 8vo.

A MODERN BRIGAND. By the
Author of "Miss Bayle's Romance" &c. In
3 vols., crown 8vo.

THE ACADEMICIAN. By Henry
FERROL. Author of "An Ugly Duckling," &c.
In 3 vols., crown 8vo.
JOAN VELLACOT. By Esme
STUART. Author of "Muriel's Marriage," &c. In
3 vols., crown 8vo.
IN HOT HASTE. By Mary E.
HULLAH. In two vols., crown 8vo.
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.SMITH, ELDER, and CO.'S
NEW BOOKS.

Ready this day, with a portrait of Mr. Browning.
Crown 8vo, 6s.

PIPPA PASSES: KING VICTOR
and KING CHARLES: THE RETURN
OF THE DRUSES: AND A SOUL'S TRAGEDY.

By ROBERT BROWNING.
Being Volume 3 of the New Edition of the
Complete Works of Robert Browning.
This Edition will consist of 16 Volumes. A Volume
will be published Monthly.

POPULAR EDITION OF H. RIDER HAG-
GARD'S "JESS."

Ready this day, crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

JESS. By H. Rider Haggard,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She: A
History of Adventure," &c.
NEW VOLUME OF THE "DICTIONARY OF
NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Ready this day, price 15s. in cloth; or in half morocco,
marbled edges, 20s.

VOLUME XV. (Diamond—Drake), royal 8vo, of the
DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL
BIOGRAPHY.

Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN.
Volume XVI. will be issued on September 26, and
further volumes at intervals of Three Months.

NEW VOLUME OF SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S
POPULAR 2s. & 5s. 6d. SERIES.

Ready this day, fcp. 8vo, boards, pictorial cover, 4s.;
or limp cloth, 2s. 6d.

LOYS, LORD BERRESFORD,
AND OTHER TALES.

By the Author of "Molly Bawn," "Mrs. Geoffrey," &c.

London: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.

1s. post free.

SUMMER CATARRH or HAY
FEVER: Its Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment.

By GEORGE MOORE, M.D. Dr. Moore's
pamphlet will be of interest.—*Saturday Review*.

London: JAMES EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.
In three volumes. At all Libraries.THE FATAL THREE: A New
Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.

"A really able romance, woven out of the lives of
men and women, such as we meet and know in the
world around us."—*Illustrated*, June 16.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.

Price 3s. 6d., post free.

DISEASES OF THE VEINS:
More especially of Venosity, Varicose,
Hemorrhoids, and Varicose Veins, and their Medical
Treatment. By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.

London: J. EPPS and CO., 170, Piccadilly, and 48,
Threadneedle Street.

MALVERN.—Imperial Hotel.—The

largest hotel in the district. Excellent situa-
tion. Replete with every comfort for families.
Private Sitting Rooms. Splendid views of the Mal-
vern Range. Special Driowitch Brine Baths. Baths
of every description. Moderate charges.

Manager, S. HOLROYD.

PARIS. St. James's Hotel. PARIS

211, Rue St. Honoré,
MOST CENTRAL and QUIET SITUATION.

Large and Small Apartments.
Restaurant, Table d'Hôte.
Arrangements made for a stay.
Terms moderate.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE,
For JULY. Price 1s.

Contents:
1. The Reverberator. By Henry James. XIII.—XIV.
(Concluded).

2. Lord Rodney's Bantam Cock. By Sir Francis
Doyle.

3. England's Real Peril. By Captain Hozier.

4. The Valley of Waterfalls. By the Hon. George
Curzon, M.P.

5. Jacques Tahureau. By W. H. Hudson.

6. Diversions of a Pedagogue. By J. H. Raven.

7. The Lost Match. By A. Mougher.

8. A Scottish Chancellor. By R. F. Bell.

9. A Song of the Thames. By Ernest Myers.

10. Gaston de Latour. By Walter Pater. (To be
continued).

11. Lucian. By H. D. Traill.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

Now ready (Sixpence) New Series, No. 61.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE
for JULY, containing, among other
articles of interest, "A DAY OF MY LIFE IN
CHAMBERS," by A. BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

"ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER," by CELI-
BATES WIFE. "SOME TYPOGRAPHICAL
ERORS," by MAMMOTH HUNTING IN
SIBERIA, and "A LIFE'S MORNING," by
the Author of "Demos," "Thyrza," &c. Chaps. XIII.
and XIV.

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15, Waterloo Pl.

Now Ready.

THE ARGOSY for JULY.

CONTENTS:—
1. The Story of Charles Strange. By Mrs Henry
Wood, author of "East Lynne." Chap. XIX.—
XXI. Illustrated.

2. A Plea for the Wild Flowers. By H. P. Dunster,
M.A.

3. A Debt of Honour. By M. C. Birchenough.

4. Stories from the studios: Lights and Shadows of
Sketching. By Philip H. Calderon, R.A.

5. Boys' Love and Old Man. By G. B. Stuart.

6. Pearls. By A. H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

7. A Doctor's Story. By E. M. Darby.

8. A Defence. By E. Nesbit.

Published Monthly.
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON,
8, New Burlington Street.

THE EXTRA SUMMER NUM-
BER OF THE ARGOSY.

A Week on the Norfolk Broads. By Charles W
Wood.

Antiquity. By Catherine Carr.

One Midsummer Night, &c., &c.
Price Sixpence.

RICHARD BENTLEY and SON,
8, New Burlington Street, W.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S
NOVELS.

Price 1s. picture cover, 1s. 6d. cloth gilt.

LIKE and UNLIKE: A Novel. By
the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret,"
"Vixen," &c.

"Like and Unlike" will make many people late
for dinner, and will keep a number of persons up at
night when they ought to be soundly sleeping.—
Punch.

"It is admirable. . . Like and Unlike" is by
far the most effective of Miss Braddon's stories.—
The Times.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.

HENRY RODRIGUES'
WEDDING and BIRTHDAY
PRESENTS.

42, PICCADILLY, LONDON

SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE,
LIBRARY, and BOUDOIR.

In Polished Brass, Bronze, China, Ormolu and Ox-
idized Silver, from 2s. to 40s.

DRESSING CASES JEWELLERY CASES
IVORY CASES DESPATCH BOXES
WORK BOXES ENVELOPE CASES
CARRIAGE CLOCKS STATIONERY CABI-
NETS NETS
CANDLESTICKS WRITING CASES
SCENT BOTTLES CANDELABRA
INSTANDS FANS POSTAGE SCALES
BOXES OF GAMES CIGAR CABINETS
LIQUEUR CASES CIGARETTE BOXES

And a large and choice assortment of English,
Viennese, and Parisian NOVELTIES, from 4s. to 45s.

TRAVELLING DRESSING
BAGS, Morocco. Wide Opening, with Hall-
marked Silver Lining.

45 5s., 40 10s., 35 15s., 30 20s., 25 25s., 20 30s.

PORTRAIT ALBUMS at
RODRIGUES', best make, 10s. 6d. to 40s.

REGIMENTAL & PRESENTATION ALBUMS,
PHOTOGRAPH SCREENS, Leather and Plush,
all sizes, to hold from 2 to 24 Portraits.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS,
Rings, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies, En-
graved as Gems, from original and artistic designs.

NOTE: PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliantly illu-
minated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours.
Best RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100.

All the New and Fashionable Note Papers,
HERALDIC ENGRAVING, and PAINTING.

A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly engraved
and 100 Superfine Cards printed for 4s. 6d. post free.

BALL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, BOOK-
PLATES, WEDDING CARDS, and INVITA-
TIONS.

44, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless Skin Powder. Prepared
by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed
by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Send
3d. or 6d. stamps. MOST UNUSUAL.

TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

EAU FAUST. T. V. SERISSE and CO.
94, REGENT STREET, W.

Demonstrations free. Will restore Hair to its
original colour without making the hair black and
stiff. Send the first small piece of hair, separate
bottles for each shade. Price 6s. 3d., post free.

NEW SHIRTS for OLD ONES.

Old Shirts refitted with Irish Linen Fronts and
Cuffs. Good quality, 2s. 6d. each. Specially fine
Linen, 3s. each. New Shirts made to order.

GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.

O'BRIEN'S IRISH SHIRTS.—
Made specially to your own pattern or measure-
ment. Guaranteed sound material. Honest work.
No "white slave" labour. Send for samples and price.
—GEO. O'BRIEN and CO., Manufacturers, Belfast.
A FAIR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—
A SULPHUR SOAP gives the natural tint
and peach-like bloom of a perfect complexion. By
washing with Sulphur Soap the skin becomes
soft, sooth, clear, smooth, supple, healthy, and com-
fortable. Tablets 6d. Sold everywhere.

SEA BATHING, Blankenberge

(Belgium). Splendid fine sand beach, unrivalled
in Europe. Promenade 3 kilometres long, lighted by
electric light, Piers 300 Metres out to Sea. New Casino,
comprising Large and Superior Concert Rooms, Ball
Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Reading Rooms, &c., &c.
Orchestra containing 75 Musicians. Theaters open
daily. Steam Tramway from Blankenberge to
Ostende. Sea Excursions by Steamer. Numerous
Comfortable Hotels. Moderate Prices.

THE NORFOLK and SUFFOLK
RIVERS and BROADS.

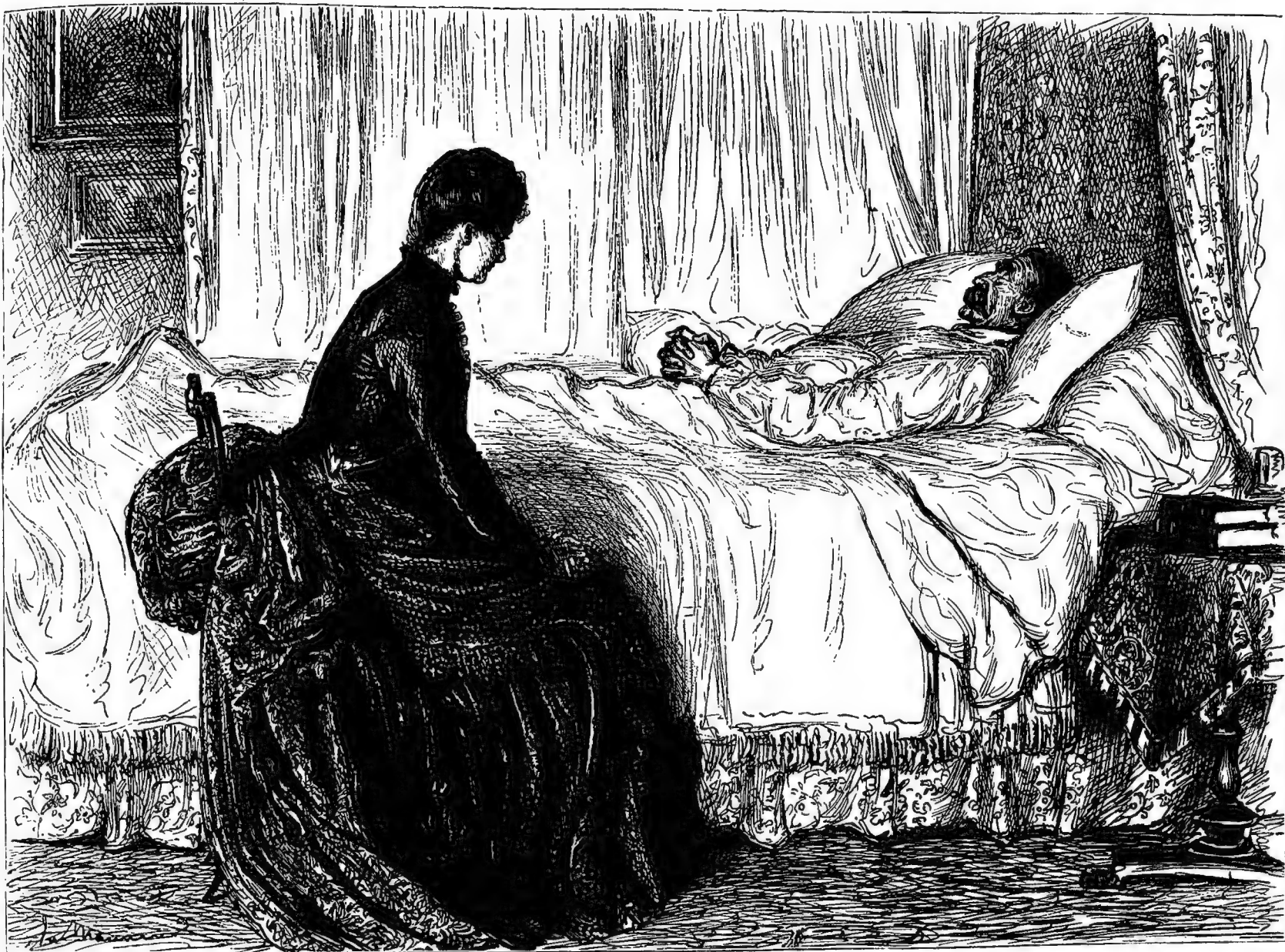
LISTS OF YACHTS SUITABLE FOR
RIVER OR SEA CRUISING.

The following Yachts, all of light draught, specially
designed and fitted for cruising in these waters, are
offered for hire:—

STEAM LAUNCH 14 Tons. 6 Berths.

SAILING YACHTS. 16 Tons. 8 Berths.

"PRIOR" 9 " 4 "



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"To-morrow to-morrow, to-morrow"

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XLVII.

COMING HOME

THE young couple had been away a month; one of almost unmixed felicity to the other young couple they had left behind them. Charley felt that he was at home indeed in the absence of his elder brother. His mother, unswayed by favouritism, permitted her natural affection for him to take its course, and had never shown herself so kind. The relief she experienced in Hugh's marriage was extreme, and but for her anxiety upon Sir Richard's account—who had grown rather worse than better—she felt more lightened of her load of care than she had done for years. She hardly regretted that half her secret had been discovered, since it had fallen into hands so capable and willing to guard it; and comforted herself ten times a day with the reflection that Hugh had married a wife whose intelligence and strength of character would supply much of what he lacked, and keep him straight in the path of life. This reflection helped to incline her heart towards Lucy, whom, indeed, her judgment—seldom at fault when unperturbed by prejudice—had always highly approved. However much a union between that young lady and her second son was to be deprecated, it was clear to her that if Clara wished it, the thing must be; she was in no position to withstand her will, and, to say truth, was not much moved to do so. She had never felt greatly interested in the future of her younger son; and now that Hugh had failed to ally himself with "a county family," it was not worth while to look in that direction for his brother.

Upon Lucy the effect of all this was, of course, exceedingly favourable; it almost seemed to her that she had now two homes in Mirbridge instead of one. The arrival of Miss Mumchance, who came over to spend a week or two at the Court according to promise, was, too, a far from unwelcome event. She had a genuine liking for this good-natured heiress, who, with characteristic consideration pairing off with Mr. Gurdon, left her Charley more entirely to herself than if there had been no visitor at all. The one thing that interfered with her complete contentment was the fear that Clara might not be enjoying so happy a lot; for though the letters she occasionally received from her hinted at nothing amiss, she seemed to read between their lines that all was far from well with her. That Clara should write after the manner of brides during their honeymoon was not to be expected; she was not the sort of young person to be blinded by a rose-coloured atmosphere of limited extent, and was as little likely to be intoxicated with bliss with alcohol. Still, a few more references to the husband of her choice, thought Lucy, would not have been out of place, and, when she did mention him, she might have expressed herself more tenderly. Had that

battle for Who should be Master already begun, she wondered, in the very lists of love? To picture Clara as vanquished was difficult indeed, but unless her success had been so complete as to warrant her in ignoring her adversary, her style was not certainly that of a victor. Both the matter and manner of her letters were just as they used to be—frank, cynical, and affectionately patronising—but reading them with critical eyes, Lucy discerned in them the traces of effort. If Clara was unhappy, this was exactly what was to have been expected, for her pride would never have permitted her to own that she had missed the aim of her life.

The bridegroom wrote one solitary letter to his mother, in which the only reference to his wife was incidental, contained in the pronoun "we." "We are coming home," he said, "on the 15th." In the postscript, perhaps because, like the fair sex, he was accustomed to put the most important subject in that addendum, but more likely because he had almost forgotten it, he asked after Sir Richard's health. Lady Trevor was distressed, but not surprised. As to his father, she was well aware that there was no love lost—for for years there had never been any—between him and his son; and as to his wife, she had better reasons than Lucy to apprehend that there had been quarrels between the newly-married pair. It is certainly much better for the general happiness that "masterful" men and women should marry one another, and not make two "incompatible" couples instead of one; but two thunderclouds cannot be expected to come together without explosions. What she hoped for, if the contest should be still undecided when the happy pair came home, was that her influence might make peace between them, or such a semblance of it as might enable them to "get on" together; it was not a very pleasant outlook, but she was far more used to see "the ragged rims of thunder looming low" about her, than cloudless sunshine.

The Turtle Doves, as Charley called them, came home on the day appointed, but at an earlier hour than they had named. The two young men were out shooting, or, rather, Charley was sporting, and Mr. Gurdon with him in the character of critic and shooting prophet, for which he was not worse qualified than critics and prophets sometimes are, and Lady Trevor received them alone.

She gave her daughter-in-law an affectionate embrace, to which Clara for the moment responded, then suddenly became a lay figure. To stiffen and thaw is common enough, but the reverse process is more unusual: nevertheless, Lady Trevor, without taking notice of it, made a shrewd guess at its cause. Clara had resolutely set herself against her—though as to the reason she, of course, knew nothing—but had been overcome for the moment by the genuineness of her welcome. She was persuaded that, with all her faults, the girl had a good heart, and was resolved to win it. It was very hard,

that from something Clara had to find fault with in her husband, she should thus visit it upon his mother; but she was used to find things hard.

"My darling Hugh, how glad I am to see you back again!" He gave her a peck or two in exchange for her loving kisses, but his eyes had no answering love in them; they were, indeed, fixed upon his wife (who whether from delicacy or indifference, had turned her back upon them both), with a most unmistakable expression of disfavour.

"How is the governor?" he inquired, in a tone which, however wanting in tenderness, certainly betrayed no lack of interest.

"Alas, my dear, no better."

"Ah!" he said, and in his gloomy face, still fixed upon his wife, satisfaction seemed to mingle with menace.

It was a dreadful home-coming.

"I will show you your room, my dear Clara," said Lady Trevor,

"and then you will be ready, I am sure, for a cup of tea."

"Thank you, no; I will run over to see mamma, and take tea at home," said Clara.

Her tone was resolute: there was no cynical stress upon the words "at home," strangely as they sounded, applied by a bride's lips to another roof, in the house of her husband; she used it with perfect naturalness.

"But this is your home now, my dear," said Lady Trevor, forcing a laugh; "though I know from experience how difficult it is to shake off old associations."

It was an unfortunate speech, as she felt the moment it was uttered, but Clara took no notice of it.

"I shall be back to dinner," she said, "no doubt you and your son will like to have some talk together."

"You and your son!" not even "you and Hugh," far less "you and my husband!"

"Good heavens! what is the meaning of this, Hugh?" sighed Lady Trevor, as Clara closed the door behind her.

"Temper is the meaning of it," he answered, grimly.

"But to leave me the moment she has arrived, and to call the Rectory still her home, Hugh, there must have been some terrible quarrel between you."

"There has been nothing else but quarrels. I wish to Heaven that the Rectory was her home, and that she had never left it. That woman is a devil; but she shall find that I'm a devil too when the time comes."

To judge by his face, distorted with hate and rage, it seemed as if the time had already come.

"Oh, Hugh, this is too much!" groaned his unhappy mother.

"You will break my heart between you!"

"I will break hers before I've done with it," he answered, with an oath. "What you have seen just now is quite a favourable specimen of her conduct. You seem afraid of her." (Lady Trevor's heart sunk within her; could he have really noticed that?) "I'm not."

He paced the room like an imprisoned wild beast whose dinner has been delayed.

"I suppose as long as my father lives, I must put up with her, or seem to do so. It will not do to have a row in the house."

"Good Heavens, Hugh! Would you make your marriage a public scandal?"

"Scandal! What do I care about scandal? Yes, it is likely enough, if she continues as she has begun, that I shall give the public something to talk about. I mean to have my own way in my own house at any cost—that is to her. From what you told me, however, when I wanted to marry Jenny—and I wish to Heaven I had—I conclude I am not yet my own master. Eh?"

He turned upon his heel as he put that question, and looked at his mother very keenly.

"You are certainly not your own master in any sense," she answered, gravely. "You are talking like a madman!"

"Never mind that! Leave me and my madness alone, if you please. I want a plain answer to a plain question. Do I still stand in the same danger—I mean as regards my father's power to do me an injustice—as you said was the case two months ago?"

"Most certainly you do. Let me tell you this, and lay it to your heart as though they were the last words your mother had to speak, that the conduct you propose to yourself as regards your wife will result in your utter ruin."

"You think so!" he answered, defiantly.

"I am quite convinced of it."

"All right. Then we must have patience. In the mean time 'Mum's' the word. By the by, where is Miss Mumchance?"

"She has gone back to Catesby."

"What a fool I was not to have married her!"

"You said the same of Jenny a minute ago, Hugh," sighed Lady Trevor reproachfully.

"Well, of course, I should prefer any wife to the one I've got. Miss Mumchance has money; but, on the other hand, I should have had my own way with Jenny. I owe her father something, by the way, for the ill turn he did me, and I'll pay him out when the time comes for wiping out all scores. There are certain debts which if one can't settle punctually, one pays—very willingly—with interest!"

"Great Heaven, is it possible," she broke forth, "that you return to your old home, a month after marriage, full of nothing but malicious and revengeful thoughts? Is your dying father nothing in your eyes? Am I, who have sacrificed so much for you, nothing? Is there no tie to bind you, is no one's interest, no one's happiness, to be consulted, but only your own reckless and cruel will?"

She spoke with vigour and indignation enough; for the first time the consciousness that the feet of the idol she had so long worshipped were of clay was borne in upon her, and she was courageous with the courage of despair.

"Come—I say—just draw it mild," he answered, sullenly. It is said that though men have confessed to the commission of all other crimes, no man has ever owned himself an ingrate. But many a man has felt himself to be one, and the reflection has only made him the more bitter against his benefactor. This was Hugh Trevor's case. His intelligence was far too keen to allow himself to be deceived as to his own character; he saw he was selfish and brutal quite as clearly as those who disliked him, who were all those who knew him save one, but that that one—the only friend he had in the world—should herself begin to recognise his worthlessness, he resented exceedingly. That opposition should have arisen in such a quarter, indeed, provoked him above measure, for there is nothing which arouses the rage of the Tyrant so much as the revolt of the Slave. What still more increased his wrath was the necessity of concealing it from her, which he had hitherto never given himself the trouble to do.

"It's deuced hard to find one's own mother against one," he murmured, after a long silence. It was at the best a whining plaint; but to her to whom it was addressed, already repenting of her harshness to her misguided boy, it seemed to be laden with reproachful pathos.

"Against you! Oh, Hugh, Hugh! how little you read your mother's heart!"

Dissolved in tears, she flung her arms about his neck and strained him to her heart; for Nature gives to mothers a love potent far more potent and more blinding than that which caused Queen Titania to apostrophise her long-eared swain as "My gentle joy."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE LAST APPEAL

THE quarrels of lovers are said to be the renewal of love; but those of married couples have by no means the same result. The more frequent the fractures, the more difficult it becomes "to make the join," even with the best matrimonial cement; and of this material Hugh Trevor and his wife had a very scanty stock indeed. At present they did not quarrel; because, though under the same roof, they never met except at meals, and in company with others. But the remembrance of their strife was keen and fresh, and required no effort to keep it so. Clara's attitude was passive; but no thought of conciliation, far less of reconciliation, ever entered her mind. Hugh was passive, too, because he was biding his time, awaiting the hour when he should have a free hand, when he meant to use it as a fist. She was well aware of this, and trembled, though more with hate than fear. She had not overrated her own courage and firmness; but she had not understood the "resources of civilisation" which marriage puts in man's power to use in aid of his authority. She was a woman who would have won the love of any ordinary husband; or, failing that, have got the upper hand of him. But Hugh Trevor was not an ordinary man; his nature was brutal; and though, as we know, she had not been blind to his temper, or even to his vices, she had not calculated upon that. This is a matter which no cultured woman can guard against, because she has no experience of it beforehand; she takes it for granted that every man is at least human. When Hugh Trevor's anger was aroused, he was a brute—"not four-footed, my dear," as Mrs. Westrop subsequently described him to Miss Mumchance, "but cloven-footed. Some men are so." The general public were neither so shrewd nor so frank as the plain-spoken widow; but every one soon came to know that the marriage was an unhappy one. Clara was very reticent about herself to her own belongings; but the Rector and his wife were very miserable about her, and Lucy well nigh hopeless. Still, though some people looked for it when Sir Richard should be removed and Sir Hugh reign in his stead, there was no public scandal. The Rectory folk went in and out at the Court as usual, and the two families were drawn daily more and more together, as though between the newly-married pair there had been a bond instead of a rift. The high spirits of Charlie and the good humour of Mr. Gurdon kept the domestic atmosphere sweet and wholesome, which would otherwise have been almost unfit to breathe. The course of true love in the former's case was moving smoothly enough, so far as it went, though how the ways and means were to be provided for the support of the young couple when they became one was still in doubt. The dream Clara had entertained of persuading her husband, when he should come into his property, of making a fit provision for his younger brother, was, of course, at an end; and rudely, indeed, had she been awakened

from it. But as Charlie had never guessed at its existence, that made no matter to him; his cheerful nature, like the dial, noted only the sunny hours, and had no forebodings for the future. In that house of care, however, even his lightheartedness sometimes unwittingly cast a shadow. The talk at dinner on a day when the Rectory folk were present happened to turn upon the vagaries of memory. He described a recognition that had taken place at his club between two old fogies who had not met for years. "Surely," said one, cheerily stretching out his hand, "your name is Martin." The other, though with less of gush, admitted that it was; and added, "Yours is Day, I think." "To be sure—to be sure," was the joyous reply. "Dear me, how the years roll by? What wild oats we have sown together, you and I; though, after all, nothing much to be ashamed of. By the bye, that reminds me: what has become of that ne'er-do-well cousin of yours—one had a liking for him with all his miserable faults—poor Jack?" "Sir," replied the other, drawing himself up very stiffly; "I am Jack."

An unfortunate case of incomplete recollection that drew a smile even from Lady Trevor. Upon that text, however, the Rector delivered an essay upon the powers of memory.

"There is no such thing as forgetting," he observed; "we may not get hold of the right thread at first, but however lost one may flatter himself his past to be in the mist of years, it is certain, if he comes into contact with those who knew it, to be sooner or later remembered and identified with him."

No sermon the Rector had preached from pulpit ever went home to sinner as did that aimless observation of his made "across the walnuts and the wine." Months ago, when there would have been none to note its application to her own case, Lady Trevor would have borne the terrors it awoke in her heart without flinching; but the consciousness of Clara's presence made it intolerable, and she was within an ace of fainting away.

"My nerves are not what they used to be, my dear," she piteously confessed to her daughter-in-law—who had with great tact and promptitude concealed the agitation of her hostess, and covered her retreat from table—"and sometimes I feel as though I must break down."

She had much more, as we know, to try her nerves than Clara had any idea of, and presently an incident took place which increased the strain upon them.

It was by this time well understood that Sir Richard would never "be himself" again; that it was only a question of months, perhaps even of weeks, as to when he should join company with his grim forefathers in the Trevor vault, and Hugh was already assuming some of the prerogatives of a proprietor. People were civil to him who did not love him, for it is a good Christian indeed who does not pay his orisons to the rising sun. Where he showed his turn for mastery was in the direction of severity, and against poachers in particular he did not bear the sword in vain. He would fain have been a sportsman himself, though Nature had been chary to him in that matter, for he was neither a good rider nor a good shot, and under his delegated sway the game was preserved at Mirbridge with much greater strictness than of old. Under such circumstances, it was by no means strange that Mr. John Beeton, who could no more abstain from shooting a hare when it came in his way (or, to say truth, from going out of his way to shoot it) than a drunkard can abstain from the glass, should get into trouble with the keepers of the Court. Hitherto he had had a certain license, though of a tacit kind; it had been understood that Sir Richard, for the sake of old times, did not wish "honest John's" peccadilloes to be severely dealt with, and what sort of game was in the pot at Spinney Cottage was not inquired into. But somehow it got abroad that Sir Hugh that was soon to be by no means shared his father's liking for Mr. Beeton, and would even be glad to see him "trounced," and being caught one day with a hare in one pocket and a pheasant in the other, he was promptly taken up, and reserved for the judgment of the Bench. Hugh announced the fact at dinner on the very day it had occurred, with every sign of satisfaction, and expressed his intention of attending the Petty Sessions the next day to hear sentence passed on "the old scoundrel."

A most uncomfortable silence ensued upon this piece of intelligence. Charlie was distressed at it on "the poor governor's" account, whom he knew, if he came to hear of it, it would annoy exceedingly. Clara was disgusted, Lady Trevor alarmed and horrified. It was terrible to her to think that this man (who, whatever was to be said against him, was, after all, her own brother) was about to be committed to prison at the instance of her own son. To do her justice, she was so shocked by it that the thought never entered her mind of how the ignominy would, with tenfold force, recoil upon herself, if at any time her secret should be discovered. To Clara, however, this occurred at once, and she did not hesitate to point it out to the unhappy woman. What she might have spared her, but did not, was to indicate the motive by which Hugh was actuated.

"This is a mean revenge, Lady Trevor," she remarked, "for this man's having complained of your son's behaviour to his daughter. It must be put a stop to, at all hazards."

The advice which involved such frightful peril was uttered with cold decision.

"How can it be stopped?" groaned the other.

"You are the best judge of that," was the unflinching reply; "but since I bear your son's name, I will not have it connected with such an act of baseness. I will not share with you the shame that may hereafter come of it. It is, moreover, an indirect insult to myself. He must withdraw from the prosecution."

Of her daughter-in-law's resolute and masterful character Lady Trevor was well aware, but there was a significance, as well as an audacity, in the other's speech which did not escape her ear. Was it possible that Clara had guessed, or at all events had begun to suspect, that second part of her dread secret which had so carefully been withheld from her? Lady Trevor's blood ran cold within her at the thought. She would almost have preferred to know the worst, to ask the question, "Do you know all, then?" but that she lacked the courage.

"Perhaps—Heaven knows—I may be able to persuade him," she murmured, doubtfully.

"Forgive me for saying there is no perhaps in the matter. It is absolutely necessary that you should do so, Lady Trevor."

It was an unmistakable menace. The voice that uttered it trembled with suppressed passion, and Lady Trevor trembled too, with fear. She felt like one beneath the upper and the nether millstone; she was being ground to powder between two iron wills. It was necessary for her, nevertheless, to act, and she sent for Hugh at once to come to her boudoir. If she had given herself more time for reflection, it would have been better for her. The interview between mother and son was the stormiest they had ever had, and what was unusual indeed, it was Lady Trevor who showed the less self-control. She lost not so much her temper as her head, and reproached him roundly, while he listened with a moroseness that grew more dogged with every word. Finally she used the argument which on the last occasion she had found so efficacious.

"I tell you now, as I told you before, Hugh, that you are mistaken in supposing your future position a secure one. When your father comes to know of your behaviour in this matter, if you are so mad as to persist in it, it may prove your ruin."

"Then it seems he doesn't know of it yet?" he answered, with a cunning sneer, "and since no one goes near him but yourself, I shall know whom I have to thank if any harm comes of it."

She felt too late what a fatal mistake she had made in not having armed herself with her husband's authority beforehand, and answered despairingly,

"Then you will do nothing for my sake, ungrateful boy?"

"I will not do *this*, at all events," he answered sullenly. "I don't see what you have to do with John Beeton one way or the other. If I did, however, it would be all the same. I mean to have him punished. You say 'out of revenge,' well, let it be so. You tell me that I am beloved by nobody. Very good. Let me be feared instead, which makes people equally civil."

His look, his tone, even to a mother's eye and ear were brutal. For the second time in her life Lady Trevor's faith in her idol was shaken to its foundations. Was it the association of ideas that caused her to speak of one who, she well knew, deemed him clay from head to foot? Some mechanical force, at all events, rather than hope of such an argument having any weight, caused her to say, "Your wife is entirely of my opinion that your persistence in the prosecution of this unhappy man would be most deplorable."

"Is she? Then that settles it!" he answered with a savage sneer. "Let her keep her pity for herself, for she will want it!"

And in a whirlwind of passion he flung himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XLIX.

"SEND FOR SPENCER"

ON the evening of that interview with her elder son, Lady Trevor did not appear in the drawing-room, but remained upstairs on the plea of having "one of her dreadful headaches." The statement was true enough, but it was not the true reason. Physically, she was as capable of bearing pain and concealing it as the Spartan boy with his bagged fox, but meet her daughter-in-law with the confession "I have failed," she dared not. It was the first time in her life that she had shrunk from meeting her enemies in the gate; but the poor woman had come to the end of her courage. Clara, of course, knew she had been beaten, but if she had not known, the triumphant malice in her husband's face as he sat at the breakfast table would have informed her of it. He went off early in the dog-cart to the neighbouring town, where the Petty Sessions were held; he was not wanted as a witness, but could not deny himself the pleasure of "seeing justice done," as he termed it, upon the man he hated. There was little chance that he would be disappointed; for not only was the law against the poacher clear, but the Bench was composed of preserving Squires who would not be altogether sorry that Sir Richard was not among them, with "his queer French notions," to give his voice for mercy.

Mercy, too, had been advocated by another person who had come up early to the Court that morning to see his mistress—Mr. Smug.

"This prosecution of John Beeton by your son, Madam," he had boldly said, "is to us who alone know his motive nothing less than an infamy. My lips are sealed as regards his shameful behaviour to that man's daughter by my promise to you, and on that account I think I have some claim upon you in this matter. That Beeton is an evil-doer I admit, but the Law must not be used to gratify a rich man's revenge."

Lady Trevor made no defence, but with rare tears bewailed her powerlessness to interfere.

"I pity you, Madam," said the preacher, at the conclusion of that most painful interview, "but I also blame you. You have transformed, by your own foolish fondness for this son of yours, what should have been a blessing to a curse. You tell me that he fears no man; let him beware of the living God."

Mr. Smug's exhortations had not the repose of Lady Vere de Vere, nor the honey of the fashionable preacher, but when he was deeply moved they had a certain eloquence. Lady Trevor felt as though not only were all earthly friends deserting her, but that the Heavenly Powers (which had hitherto maintained an armed neutrality) were about to declare themselves against her and hers.

At mid-day Hugh returned, silent and sullen. Even as he drove through the village in the dog-cart it was observed that the young squire had "seemingly swallowed summat as didn't agree with him." If observation had been keener, it would have remarked that the groom behind him had "swallowed summat" which had had an opposite effect. He was, in fact, almost bursting with the most scandalous and delightful news: in five minutes it was known among the household of the Court that, though John Beeton had got three months' imprisonment, he had "taken it out" of Master Hugh by a torrent of vituperative accusation which had electrified all who had heard him. His character, never spotless, had not suffered half the ignominy through his going to gaol that had been inflicted upon his prosecutor by his revelations. The whole story of the young man's ambition to become his son-in-law had been told in public, and had certainly lost nothing in the telling.

Hugh did not appear at luncheon, and the family knew nothing of his disgrace; though the satisfaction that overspread Mr. Cadman's face, as he handed the side dishes, might well have aroused suspicion. He would have given a month's wages to have mustered courage to tell them; but the catastrophe was too overwhelming to be revealed.

Before the meal was over, Dr. Wood made his usual call, and went up at once to the sick man. On all other occasions Lady Trevor had accompanied him; but, as ill-luck would have it, he was for once left alone with his patient for a few minutes. He found him rather better, and more inclined to talk than usual. The doctor, who had been summoned elsewhere that morning, and had had no time to listen to gossip, was unaware of what had happened at the Sessions; but he knew that John Beeton had been caught poaching on the previous day, and he casually alluded to it as a matter with which Sir Richard must needs be acquainted. So little importance, indeed, did he attach to the communication, that he never attributed to it the change that took place in his patient's face at the moment it fell upon his ear. The case was one that was subject to sudden relapses, and he concluded that the wild twitching of those haggard features was due to one of them. This view, indeed, was corroborated by the yearning cry of "Nannie, Nannie," that at the same time broke from the sick man's lips; it seemed but the natural appeal of one who felt himself in mortal straits to his best friend and comforter. Yet when his wife came, not a word did Sir Richard utter; but lay like one already dead and dumb.

"It is his worst bout," whispered the doctor in reply to Lady Trevor's look of agonised inquiry; "and yet he seemed much better when I came . . . We were, in fact, discussing the news of the village."

It was unnecessary for Lady Trevor to ask, "What news?" The occurrence she had fondly hoped to keep from the dying man had, she felt, already reached his ear; and in his glazing eye she read his passionate desire to speak with her alone concerning it while speech should yet be possible to him. It was terrible, while the precious time was flitting by, to have to mark his impatience for the doctor to be gone; and, as often happens, though he knew his ministrations were useless, he tarried long, as though solicitude were succour. At last, however, he departed, and husband and wife were left alone.

"John Beeton—prison—Hugh—it must not be!" were the words that fell from her husband's lips, like the last drops of an emptying jar, as she leant over his pillow.

She could fill up what was wanting in that thick and broken utterance only too well. Ill as he was, Sir Richard had grasped the whole situation, and understanding the meanness of his son's intention, was urgent that it should not be carried into effect. There was a faint colour, too, in his pale cheek that spoke of wrath; indignation that his authority should have been thus usurped and misused before the breath was out of his body. What was worse

than all, his tone to her sensitive and shrinking ear had the accents of despair, because, as she translated it, so harsh and base an heir was to succeed him. To deceive him in what, it seemed to her, was to succeed him. To deceive him in what, it seemed to her, was to succeed him. To deceive him in what, it seemed to her, was to succeed him.

"Alas! Richard, it is too late," she moaned; "John has been sent to gaol." "To gaol?" he exclaimed with sudden vehemence, and raising himself an inch or two in the bed; "to gaol? and by your son! Oh! Nannie, Nannie; shame upon us both!" then sank back gasping upon his pillow. She watched him with dry eyes and aching heart for many minutes, in doubt whether he was alive or dead. Was that last utterance, with its bitter reproach, to be his farewell words to her? Presently, however, though his eyes remained closed, his lips moved again: "Send for Spencer" they murmured.

Was his mind wandering, or had she not heard aright? Such were the fleeting hopes that crossed her mind as she caught that brief and most unexpected injunction. In her heart of hearts she knew that her ears had not deceived her, and that the dying man was only too well aware of his own needs. Never since they had returned to Mirbridge had he expressed the least desire to see its whilom rector, and it had been a source of satisfaction to them both that the living to which the Canon had been appointed was too remote to admit of his paying them a visit. There was danger in his doing so, for he had known Letty Beeton well, and had even given his opinion as to what should be done when that scandal at the Court, because of her, had brought Sir Marmaduke to his knees both to presbyter and priest. Mr. Smug, as we know, had been for reparation and marriage, to which the old Baronet had apparently opposed himself, though, more for reasons of his own than from any arguments addressed to him from without, he had in the end privately consented to it; but the Canon, though a kindly man, had thrown his weight into the other scale. Even at this distance of time Lady Trevor resented the fact, and bore him no goodwill in consequence. What could Sir Richard have in his mind that he should wish this man to be sent for now? The answer, alas, suggested itself only too readily. Many a man who has no belief in the Apostolic Succession yet years upon his death-bed for a father confessor. Her husband had solemnly promised her never to reveal to Hugh the illegitimacy of his birth, and if not to him, it had seemed unlikely indeed that he should confide such a secret to another. But it might well be, that, influenced by this crowning act of insolence and brutality of his elder son, his father had resolved to take from him the power of working evil, at once and for ever. That such a revelation would mean for herself social ruin was the reflection which alone had hitherto sealed his lips, she knew, and it was more than probable that, face to face with death, even this consideration had lost its force with him. There was, indeed, no other reason to be given for such a strange request. She dared neither to comply with, nor disobey it, but stood watching her husband's wan expressionless face, with a secret hope (which nevertheless filled her with horror and self-abasement) that it should never be lit up with consciousness again. Presently, however, the lips once more began to move.

"When will he be here?" he murmured; "my time is short, Nannie."

It was not the anxiety of his tone, nor even its plaintive tenderness, that overcame her, but the perfect confidence in her which it expressed.

So far from the thought having crossed his mind that his last request made to a loving wife could be denied to him, he had evidently concluded that it had been already carried into effect; unable to measure time, he doubtless imagined that in the brief interval that had elapsed between those feeble utterances of his, her orders had been given, and a message dispatched.

"Mr. Spencer will be here to-morrow, at farthest, my dear," she answered, assuringly.

"To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow," murmured the sick man, like the dying note of a funeral bell, and, as if soothed by that sad lullaby, he again relapsed into unconsciousness.

She rang the bell, and sent word for a horse to be saddled immediately; then sat down and wrote an urgent line to the Canon; and in ten minutes, with instructions to spare neither whip nor spur, the messenger was upon his way.

(To be concluded in our next)



It is difficult, in a short notice, to do justice to Mr. Henry James's "Partial Portraits" (Macmillan). They are only articles collected from magazines and reviews; but it strikes us that Mr. Henry James is not the sort of man to do anything carelessly, and these papers deal with so many eminent writers of our own day, that a careful examination of them puts us into possession of Mr. James's opinions upon most contemporary achievements and tendencies in literature. Mr. James's opinions on all this are, of course, interesting, for Mr. James is himself an interesting literary phenomenon, and it is instructive to study him while he is studying his brother-writers. But to class Mr. James aright, and to analyse him as he analyses the others, could only be done fairly in an essay as long as one of his own. His work in this book is excessively neat and dexterous. His critical method is much that which he uses in his novels. It is scarcely miniature-painting, for miniatures are clear and precise. It is more like mosaic-work. He occupies himself by carefully laying down a number of points, and when you step back to catch the pattern, you are surprised to find that there is no pattern there. There ought to be a pattern, you think; something expressed and definite, but it eludes you while you look. If Mr. James has any theory of criticism at all, it seems to be that everything is well. It may be that he discusses the social theories of George Eliot, the essays of Emerson, the novels of Trollope, the tales of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, the stories of M. Guy de Maupassant: for all he has the friendliest of honeyed words, but there is not a condemnatory one in his vocabulary. It is like a suave shopman showing his goods; though he will permit a possible doubt as to the excellence of a particular article if he discerns strong condemnation in his customer's mind, he will put aside disparagement, and finally will maintain that all the goods are the best possible. Goethe, we remember, said that criticism was the art of pointing out excellences; yet in reading Mr. Henry James we long sometimes for the masculinity of mind which will frankly condemn—for example, such questionable work as that of M. de Maupassant. When all is said, however, Mr. James's book remains highly interesting, observant, and instructive, and the dexterity of his style and method are almost fascinating.

The greatest difficulty at present in the way of the investigator of spiritualism in London is that there are simply no public mediums. The trade has been made so difficult that it has practically ceased to have professors. In the spiritualistic newspapers a few mediums still advertise; but their stances are "for spiritualists only." The advertising mediums, too, are usually

"trance-speakers," a gloomy race, or "test and business mediums," a set of doubtful impostors. What we want are a few good "physical mediums" who will submit themselves to tests, and such mediums are at present not to be had. The many recent exposures have, no doubt, made them shy. In this respect the inquirers of a few years ago were much more fortunate, for they had that prince of mediums, the late D. D. Home. "D. D. Home: His Life and Mission" (Trübner and Co.), is the title of a considerable volume just published by his wife, Madame Dunglas Home. It is a surprising work, and will be judged, of course, according to the prejudices of its readers; the vast majority regarding it as a monument of the incredible folly of mankind, and a small minority looking on it as the record of an undoubted revelation of abnormal power. The evidence for Home's mysterious powers is tellingly displayed, and it amounts to what would be regarded, were the subject of inquiry other than it is, an overwhelming mass of testimony. Home's career is given from the beginning to the end, and numerous letters (many of them of the first interest) are published, written by all kinds of eminent persons—peers, judges, writers, diplomatists, and so on. What opinions these persons now have concerning the subject of spiritualism we cannot, of course, tell; but if they are of the same mind as when they wrote these letters, the world holds more eminent spiritualists than it suspects. The book is, of course, entirely friendly to Home, and it is by no means ill-written. It is certainly of more than usual interest.

M. Philippe Daryl is a clever Frenchman, who visited Ireland in 1886 and 1887, and wrote letters about the state of the country to the Paris Temps. These letters are now published in English under the title "Ireland's Disease" (Routledge and Sons). They would be clever letters for an English correspondent; they are exceptionally clever for a Frenchman, for M. Daryl probably had to learn much, when he reached Ireland, which most Englishmen know already. For a clear statement of the present condition of things in Ireland, and the causes which have led to it, we have seen no better book than this, unless, indeed, it be Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "The Parnell Movement," and that would be "suspect" to a great many people. M. Daryl can scarcely be supposed to have prejudices, and the fact that he became after his investigation an ardent Home Ruler does not at all destroy the value of his book as a picture of manners, and a study of social conditions. He has, of course, a plan of his own for settling the Irish difficulty—for draining the Chat Moss of Irish discontent, and building on it a firm platform for future enterprise, wealth, and contentment. That, however, we will not discuss. It is enough to point out that here is a book which clears instead of befogging the issues; a book without prejudice, written by a keen observer, a patient investigator; a book which throws light and not darkness upon one of the greatest problems now awaiting settlement anywhere upon the earth.

"England as She Seems," by an Arab Sheikh (Warne and Co.), is cleverly done, and is not long enough to be wearisome. It is by Mr. E. Lester Arnold (the eldest son of Sir Edwin Arnold of the Daily Telegraph), and his knowledge of Eastern life and modes of speech enables him to present the Sheikh to us with all necessary truth. The Sheikh comes to England for the first time, and tells his adventures with much simplicity, and a free use of Eastern metaphor. It is not, of course, a new form of literature; it is older, certainly, than Goldsmith, whose "Citizen of the World" probably remains the best example of its kind. Books of this sort offer a splendid opportunity for satire of the rasping sort, but Mr. Arnold is not a satirist, and he apparently has no aim save to amuse. In this he succeeds; and no one can follow without a good deal of interest and pleasure the adventures of the good-natured Sheikh in the streets of London, at Windsor, and in a country house.

We have read worse fairy stories than "The Happy Prince, and Other Tales," by Oscar Wilde (David Nutt), and many very much better. The masterpieces in the way of fairy stories have, surely, been already written; and no man can fairly hope, in this country, and at this period, to come near the great models. Fairy stories today must necessarily be ghosts and echoes of other fairy stories; and ghosts and echoes Mr. Wilde's stories are—ghosts of Hans Andersen, echoes of "Carmen Sylva." "The Happy Prince" is the best; "The Remarkable Rocket" the funniest. They are all well written, and they at least serve to show how admirably English printers can print if they try. The illustrations are by Messrs. Walter Crane and Jacob Hood, and they, too, are admirable. The shell of the book is excellent, the kernel somewhat insipid; or, to vary the metaphor, we may say that the jewel is out-valued by its setting.

The Rev. W. J. Wilkins, who has already written two excellent works on India, follows them up with a third, no less useful and interesting. "Daily Life and Work in India" is just the sort of book wanted in England. It is a straightforward talk about exactly those things of which an enormous number of people at home are most ignorant: Indian colleges, etiquette among the natives, the native gods and temples, the treatment of the dying, life on the rivers, and much more. The chapters on the life of native women in India are perhaps the most interesting. The book is full of information, clearly given.

"The Camelot Series" (Walter Scott) grows rapidly, and already it has attained the proportions of a small library of standard literature. The volumes are of a convenient size, and the print is clear. For shilling books (purchasable at ninepence) they are wonderfully good. The latest volumes of the series are "Select Writings of Emerson," with an introduction by Percival Chubb; "The Letters of Burns," selected and arranged by J. Logie Robertson; "The Lover, and other Papers of Steele and Addison," edited by Walter Lewin; and "Völsunga Saga," edited by H. Halliday Sparling.

"Scenes from Our Century," by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (Charles and Co.), is a collection of pieces from standard historians and others. Mr. Moncrieff has drawn upon Alison and upon Mr. Justin McCarthy, upon Lanfrey and Victor Hugo, upon Napier and Mr. Archibald Forbes, and the result is a book which gives a bird's-eye view of many of the most notable episodes, both of war and peace, in the century. The selection is made with much judgment, and the book no doubt will have the effect the compiler wishes for it in drawing readers on to study for themselves the great writers from whom the extracts are taken.

Two stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, "Sara Crewe" and "Editha's Burglar" (Warne and Co.), are published in one volume, handsomely printed and cleverly illustrated. The stories show Mrs. Burnett in her most characteristic vein; they are apt mixtures of humour and sentiment. The sentiment, indeed, is occasionally overstrained; and in reading "Editha's Burglar" it is impossible not to be reminded of "Burglar Bill," in which happy piece of verse Mr. Anstey has so cleverly parodied stories of this style.

Of the "Mermaid Series" (Vizetelly and Co.), there are three new volumes—"Nero and Other Plays," "William Wycherley," and "James Shirley." The "Shirley" has an introduction by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Mr. W. C. Ward has written the introduction and notes to the "Wycherley." "Nero and Other Plays" is edited by several hands. Of Wycherley are given four plays, of Shirley six. These two volumes are as good as any of the series. The introductions are careful, scholarly work; and the notes, though not plentiful, are useful. All the volumes have well-executed portraits. Despite some of the defects which we pointed out at the commencement of the series, it promises to be both complete and useful. Though scarcely good enough for scholars, it will serve the

purpose of the general reader, and that, we take it, is the object of the publishers. The "Mermaid Series" is at any rate the only cheap edition of the plays of the old dramatists.

"Les Plages du Bretagne et Jersey" (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie., 10, Rue Garancière) is one of those charming volumes of which the clever pencil of "Mars" has now given us several. It is very daintily got up, and is admirably printed in colours. The drawings offer us a long series of character and costume studies, and they depict every phase of life at French and Channel Island watering-places. As a delineator of contemporary life, chiefly in the fashionable world, "Mars" has few rivals. There are no girls and women more graceful than his, and children he draws with real love and understanding.



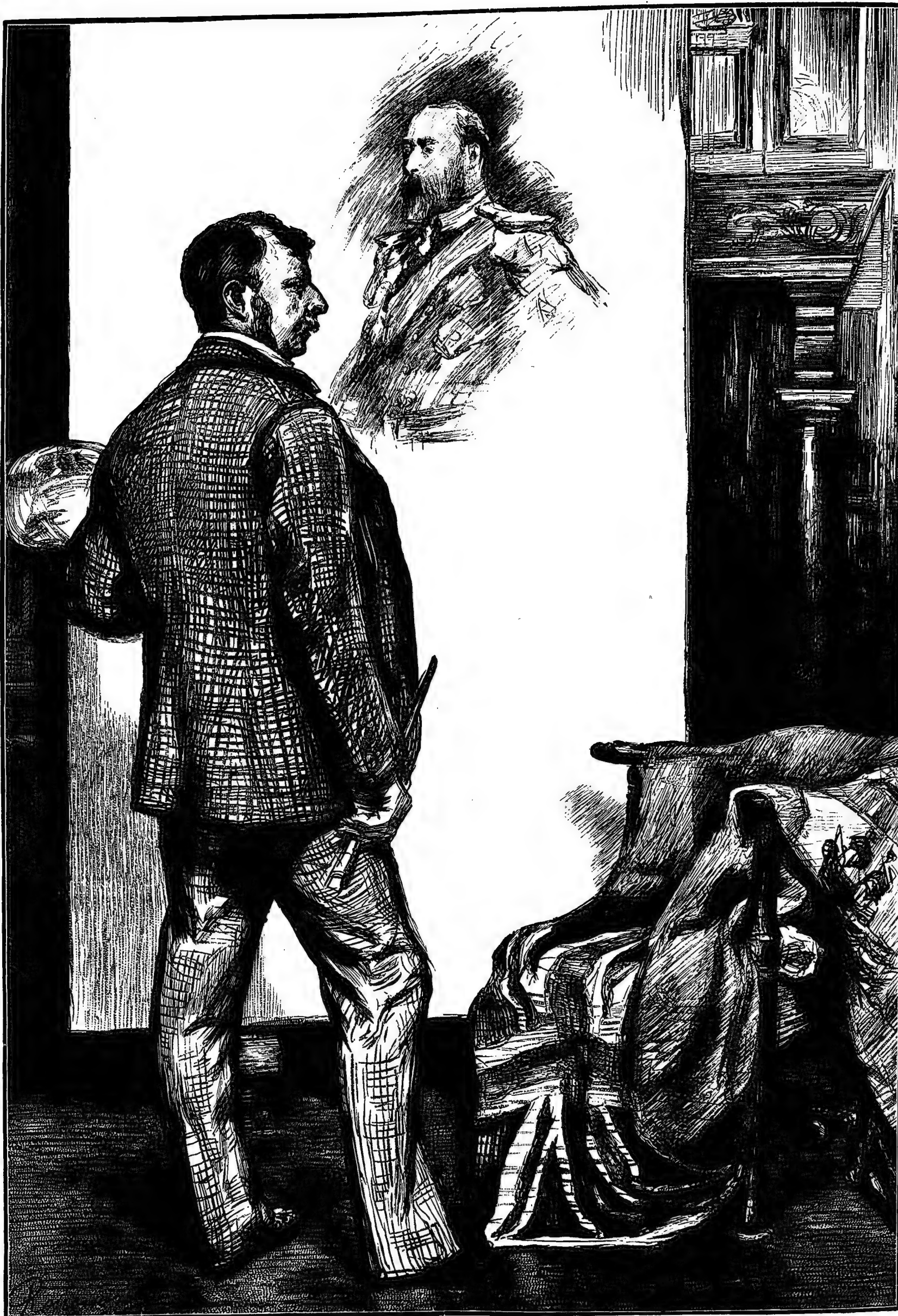
MISS FLORENCE WARDEN's new novel, "A Woman's Face" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), shows neither improvement in literary quality nor falling off in her power of interesting her readers even in a story which is not in itself of much value. It is a pity that so much imagination, and so much general talent, of a sort, should not be combined with a reasonably corresponding amount of literary merit and constructive skill; it is still more to be regretted that Miss Warden does not seem to appreciate the need for their acquisition if she wishes her work to obtain more than a success of curiosity. Her present plot is not a good one, but it is decidedly interesting in the sense that it depends upon a mystery which few if any readers will be content to leave unsolved. Of course we shall say nothing to aid them, beyond letting them know that Miss Warden has taken up with the still prevalent taste for the phenomena of hypnotism, so that she gives herself a free field. It is interesting to watch the manner in which, while nobody would any longer care for a novel constructed on frankly supernatural lines, a little sham science makes acceptable incidents and characters upon which the oldest fashioned ghost story would never have ventured. Miss Warden's touch of science is very sham indeed; but its suggestion is enough to serve, and would serve its purpose better still if employed with that attention to detail on which at least half the art of using pseudo-science effectively is dependent. A good many points are left wholly unaccounted for, as if the authoress had either forgotten them, or had not taken the trouble to work them out, or had—as seems likely from other symptoms—altered her plot while writing. There are altogether too many loose threads about a novel which, despite its faultiness, is good and strong in the main.

We believe it is usual to say of every successive novel by Mrs. Oliphant that it is the best she has ever written. We have seen the same remark made of "Joyce" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), and can only suppose, therefore, that there is a considerable public which finds in increase of dullness increase of attraction. "Joyce" should prove a triumphant success among readers of this order. Probably its supremacy in this respect is due to the concentration of its interest upon a heroine whose morbid selfishness and perverse incapacity for entering into the feelings of others can only be excused on the ground of her being half-witted, an excuse, by the way, for which there is otherwise ample justification. The other characters, from first to last, are merely bores—well drawn as such, no doubt, but to bring so many of them together is cruel to readers who have not acquired the art of self-defence, that is to say of skimming; while to create them solely for the sake of being worried by Joyce is cruel to the unfortunate bores themselves. Neither any of these persons, nor the authoress herself, makes any remark worth being put on record. There are, however, degrees in their tiresomeness. Poor Mrs. Hayward, Joyce's principal victim, is, at any rate, a relief from an impracticable stepdaughter and a husband afflicted with premature dotage; and Captain Bellendean, schoolgirl as he is, is preferable to the other characters, inasmuch as he comparatively seldom appears upon the scene. And about Mrs. Sitwell, the struggling incumbent's wife, there are some flashes of clerical comedy not altogether unamusing. As to Canon Jenkinson, and old Peter and Janet, and Andrew Halliday, the Scotch Board schoolmaster, they are a very nightmare of struggling after humour. They are dreadful people altogether, and do not even succeed in getting up a story among them worth mentioning.

"It is Written: a Story of Destiny," by Ada Fielder King (3 vols.: Remington and Co.), is a very astonishing production indeed, on the assumption that fiction is to be regarded as a branch of literature. It might be useful as one of those school exercises in which the pupil is expected to point out the intentionally-made errors, particularly of spelling and grammar. No doubt slovenly proof-reading can do a good deal in that way, and inattention to the queries of readers for the press; but there is too much method in Ada Fielder King's blundering to give her the benefit of the usual doubt in such cases. The bad quality and excessive quantity of French expressions, where equally bad English would have done just as well, is of course too common a fault to be specially noticeable. The grand peculiarity of the novel is its reckless prodigality in the matter of sapphire eyes and golden-bronze hair. We made an attempt to keep an account of the eyes; but found it nearly as impossible as to keep one of the hairs. Then the ladies' names constitute another oddity. "Vega," of course, is recognisable as the name of a star in Lyra; "Veda," we are told, means beloved, but is scarcely an improvement upon Amy; "Auda" we give up altogether, unless it has some reference to the audacity of Ada Fielder King in publishing a novel before knowing how to write one. We need hardly add that she has a Silas Wegg-like way of dropping into poetry without provocation, and that her notions of what makes a Scotch marriage valid are hazier than is even usual. On the other hand, the story does not fall much, if at all, below the average.

"Led from Afar," by Mallard Herbertson (2 vols.: Remington and Co.), though quiet and unsensational in plot, must, nevertheless, be ascribed to the school which has been more or less influenced by "Called Back." That is to say, the two principal characters are in such very pronounced sympathy, that the hero is conscious, while in one part of the world, of the heroine's imminent need of his help in another. Ladies and gentlemen with such advantages in the way of communication are, of course, superior to ordinary difficulties and complications; and the author has therefore treated his, or her, readers to none that might not be overcome in quite ordinary and conventional ways. Such as follow the telepathic incident are purely sentimental, and mostly of the lover's own making. In short, one feels, long before closing the novel, that a great deal of fuss has been made about exceedingly little. However, the weakness of the work, both in incident and in portraiture, is not sufficient to bring the result down to the merely average novel.

"In Touch with Nature" (1 vol.: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) is a pleasant as well as instructive collection by Dr. Gordon Stables of papers, with a thin connecting vein of domestic story running through them, contributed by him to *Cassell's Magazine*, *Little Folks*, *The Welcome*, and *Home Chimes*. The domestic connection is, perhaps, a little too elementary for children intelligent enough to appreciate the papers themselves; but for the latter we have nothing but praise, as likely to stimulate a healthy and kindly interest in Nature among the very young.



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, IV.—MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.
DRAWN FROM LIFE

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, IV. MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

WITH the exception, perhaps, of Sir John Millais, Mr. Holl is the most robust of all the species of the genus Academician. In his friendship, in his work, in his relaxations and amusements, he is always heartily in earnest. Before his easel he is, his sitters say, almost fierce, at his play he is downright jolly, and his very soul is in his laugh. There is positively no nonsense about him. He is a sturdy, amiable English gentleman whom you would hardly suspect of being a Londoner; indeed, as with a winning smile and pleasing refinement, rather expect to hear him say with John Browdie—"Gie us thee fist, lad; ding! but I'm glod to see thee!" Indeed, the chief characteristic of Mr. Holl in all things is thoroughness. His work, as all the world knows, is essentially thorough—the quality that makes itself felt in his pictures, holding the spectator before almost any other—and so thorough in his dealings and his friendships, too, that he is beyond question one of the most popular of the Academicians, whether with his brother artists, or the outside world.

The son of Mr. Francis Holl, the well-known Associate-Engraver of the Royal Academy, Mr. Frank Holl took more than kindly to the artistic training he received from his father at an early age. As is generally the case with artists who have risen to unusual excellence, he showed remarkable precocity as a child, and was still a boy when he entered the Royal Academy schools. These, at that time, were contained in that ugly "mustard-pot," as the cupola was called, which still ingloriously crowns the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square.

Even at that time, as I have heard him say with an amused reflective chuckle, he took life seriously,—too seriously in fact. His taste was always in the direction of the morbid and the ultra-earnest. As this tendency went on increasing, and an intense sympathy with the sufferings of the London poor developed at the same time, his efforts partook largely,—indeed, almost exclusively—of the horrible. What he intended, perhaps, to be only dramatic, became, under his pencil, tragic—sometimes to a painful extent. He was only sixteen when he painted his first picture, suggested by a pitiful scene he witnessed on the steps of St. Martin's Church—a starving woman, unable to satisfy her starving infant—which, as might be expected, resulted in an extremely doleful—not to say ghastly—picture. Not a London walk did he take but he brought home with him new suggestions. Not a "Court of St. Giles's" but offered its quota of misery. "When I think over my subject-pictures," Mr. Holl told me once, "they are indeed an awful lot."

This curious leaning towards the miserable, however, was entirely healthy and wholesome in its character, the result, as I have said, of deep sympathy with misfortune, and from a naturally thoughtful disposition, as well as from a honest desire, by impressing the public, to assist in solving the problem of London life. The fact remains, however, that the portrayal of sickness seemed to afford him a melancholy satisfaction, and horrors and funerals to impart a soothing thrill. I believe the most cheerful picture—the nearest approach to fun—he ever painted was that pretty one of a little girl seated on a red military coat and half drawing a soldier's sword from its scabbard, asking, "Did you ever kill anybody, father?" painted in 1884. This was the portrait of his little daughter, whom he once caught in the very attitude seen in the picture, at the time when Mr. Holl was painting General Wolseley. The picture itself is innocent and bloodless enough, but it will be observed even here it is a suggestion, an incipient hint, so to speak, of murder.

There is no denying the fact that in his special class of portraiture Mr. Holl stands in the very foremost rank of British artists, and it is curious to observe that, while Mr. Long, as we have seen in a former sketch, drifted from portraiture into subject, Mr. Holl was elbowed by sheer force of circumstances from subject into portrait-painting.

How this came about will be seen from what follows, and also how Mr. Holl, by the judicious husbanding of his strength, and the careful development of his acknowledged talent, rendered his path as smooth as ever was trodden by successful artist. It is a somewhat remarkable thing that even after Mr. Holl gained the Gold Medal and Scholarship at the Academy Schools, and was duly considered one of the most promising of its pupils, his character, with all his earnestness and power, was not yet formed. Its weakness was betrayed in the constant planning and beginning of pictures, and their invariable abandonment, owing to the young artist becoming radically dissatisfied with the subject, or else with the arrangement. In order, therefore, to cultivate confidence and self-restraint in painting, as well as practice in drawing and schooling in punctuality, he joined the staff of this Journal, for the purpose of contributing at stated intervals pictures of life and character in black-and-white. It must be confessed that the band of which he became a member was a brilliant one, for during the three years that he was identified with *The Graphic* he was the colleague of men who, with himself, have made for themselves great reputations, including Herkomer, Luke Fildes, Sir James Linton, Houghton (liveliest of a lively crew), Pinwell, E. J. Gregory, and William Small. During this time he produced some of the most remarkable black-and-white drawings that ever were seen in the course of illustrated journalism. Having thus obtained the stamina in work he sought for, he went back to his coffins, as in "The Lord Gave and the Lord hath Taken Away," and "I am the Resurrection and the Life," both of them intensely pathetic in subject and refined in treatment, and both extraordinarily successful. In 1874, "Deserted," "A Deserter," and "Absconded" (the latter a picture of a defaulting-looking bank-manager in a railway-carriage), were desperately serious. Three years later came "Going Home," an old Chelsea pensioner at the verge of the Great Abyss. The next year brought the most important picture of his life hitherto, "Newgate: Committed for Trial," representing an interview between a prisoner and his wife, with two iron railings and a warder between them.

It was this picture that not only carried him into the Royal Academy, but indirectly lured him from subject to portrait-painting, for when making the study for the picture he went to the prison with a friend who had bought "The Lord Gave," &c. and who was anxious to have a portrait painted of his daughter's future father-in-law. This gentleman, by the way, refused to give up the "Newgate" picture to the Queen, who wanted it, so that the artist had to paint another for her—the sad canvas he called "No Tidings From the Sea." Mr. Holl, being consulted, suggested Mr. Millais for the portrait, but the name frightened the would-be patron, who suddenly proposed to Mr. Holl that he should do it himself. The offer was accepted, on the condition that, if the picture did not turn out well, the painter should reserve the right to cut it up. As it happened, it did turn out satisfactorily. It was sent to the Academy with "Committed for Trial," but, though the subject-work secured his election, it was the portrait that brought him the most congratulations from Academicians and the public, much to the disgust of the artist. Every one now suggested to him that he should paint portraits. His father, Mr. Francis Holl, had all along told him that he should "stick to heads," and Mr. Knight—"Old Knight," as he was called—suggested that he should paint Mr. Cousins, the engraver, who was blessed with a most paintable head. Mr. Cousins being asked, grumblingly consented, came the next day, and was painted in a few sittings. The result was exhibited at the Royal Academy the following year, and much praised. Mr. Cousins, however, thought it too old and too ugly, and the more it was praised the more irritable he became, though he lived to admit

the excellence of the portrait himself. On the opening day of the Academy, the Cousins portrait brought Mr. Holl two similar commissions, which, by the end of the year, were increased to twelve; and ever since these orders have always steadily flowed in upon him, and have given him no time for the big subjects to which he intends to return.

Portrait-painting, if monotonous in its general outline, is highly varied and delightful in its detail; for the successful portrait-painter can choose his subjects. He is, in fact, always making studies, which have the further advantage of being life-size, and he obtains splendid opportunities for getting insight into character. Then, again, the continued strain that portrait-painting brings upon the conscientious painter is more than compensated for by the company of the great men whose acquaintance he makes, and whose friendship, once obtained, is seldom lost. To show the kind of company the portrait-painter may keep, I give here a list of some of the most important portraits that Mr. Holl has painted, men, it will be seen, eminent in every walk of life, and all of them men of character:—

Prince of Wales (2)
Mr. Gladstone
Mr. Bright
Mr. Chamberlain
Baron de Worms
General Sir Frederick Roberts
Duke of Cambridge
Sir William Jenner
Lord Cranbrook
Lord Overstone
Mr. Plunket
Archbishop Trench
Sir John Millais
Lord Wolseley
Lord Hampden (2)
Sir George Trevelyan
General Sir Herbert Stewart
Lord Dufferin
Lord Spencer

General Simmons
Sir Andrew Clark
Sir Henry Rawlinson
Lord Brassey
Lord R. Grosvenor
Mr. Wilson Barrett
Dr. Weir Mitchell
Mr. W. S. Gilbert
Mr. Tenniel
Vice-Chancellor Bacon
Bishop of Gloucester
Bishop of Peterborough
Dr. Warr
Mr. Ernest Hart
Mr. Morgan
Mr. Agnew
and
Mr. Francis Holl
(The artist's father)

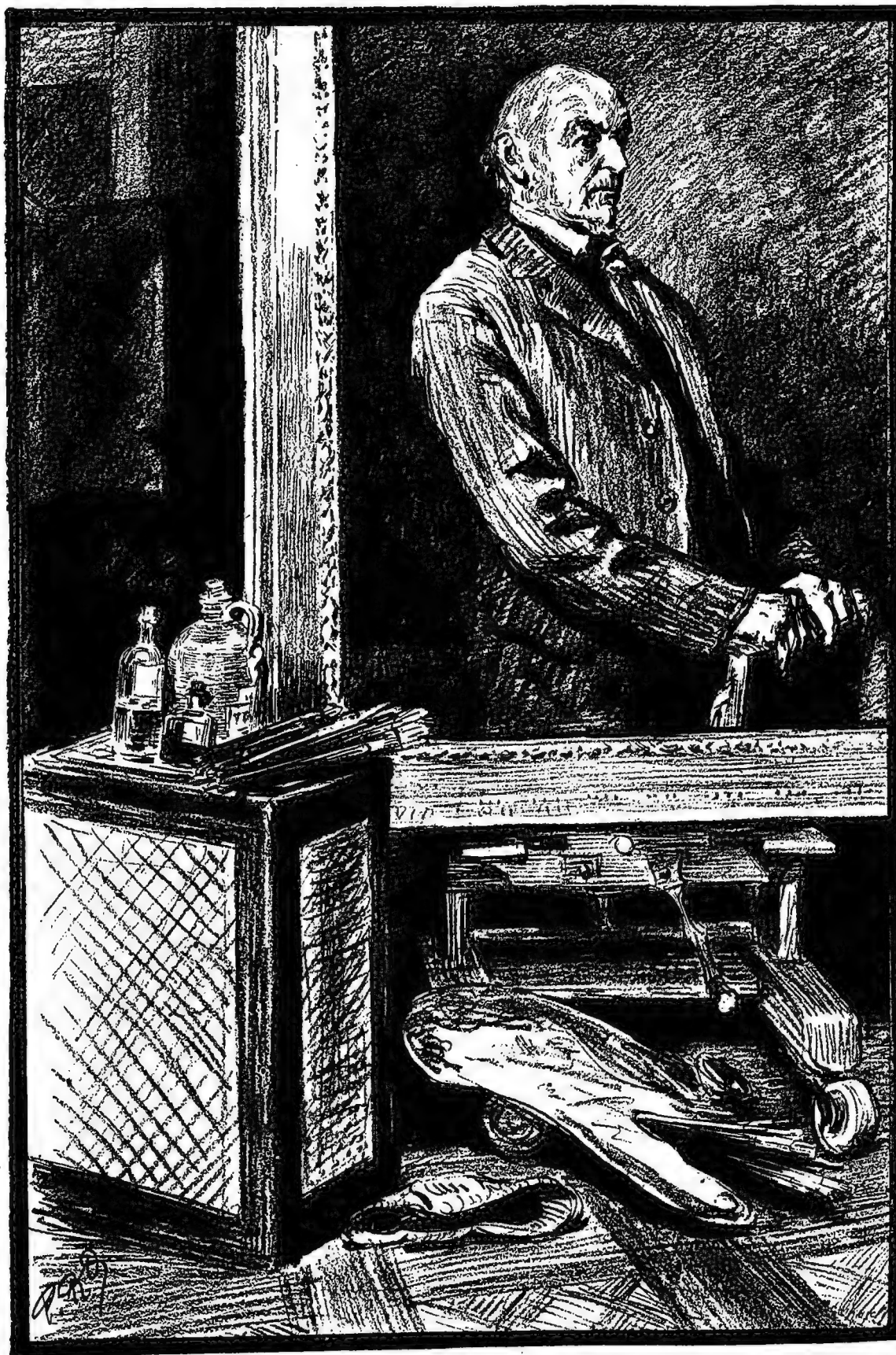
A word or two about some of the portraits will not be uninteresting. The portrait of General Roberts was painted for the Queen. That of Sir William Jenner, the physician who saved young Holl's life when two years of age, is the only one that has ever been painted of him, as he has a horror of seeing his own face, and actually never

looked at the portrait from the moment it was begun even till it was finished and hung in the Academy. The portrait of Sir Herbert Stewart was a posthumous one, and was painted merely from a photograph and from friends' descriptions. The artist had never seen the soldier, yet the likeness was an extremely striking one. The oldest sitter Mr. Holl ever had, I believe, was Captain Sims, whose portrait was painted at the age of ninety-five, and was exhibited in 1882. Only once, curiously enough, has the artist ever painted a lady, though several opportunities have offered.

When Mr. Holl went down to paint Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, a few months ago, he was curiously nervous about the result. He felt himself, he told me, something like an acrobat trying to balance himself upon a pole before the whole world, surrounded by collars and tree-stumps. But, immediately on his arrival, his misgivings began to vanish. He went to church, and closely watched his subject whilst he was reading the Lessons—in fact, he never took his eyes off him; and when the Monday came, he went through the house to see what room was best fitted for the purposes of a studio. He selected Mr. Gladstone's library, and made up his mind to lose no time by "floundering," but to attack the picture at once. "How shall I stand?" asked Mr. Gladstone, picking up a book off the table with his accustomed action, like lifting up his chest. "Just as you are," replied Mr. Holl, and, just as he was, has been painted. The picture was done in five sittings; that is to say, in five consecutive mornings, the hours of posing lasting from eleven to half-past one each day, with a few minutes' rest after the first hour, which, however, the sitter was very loth to take. Mr. Holl, as may be seen in the picture, now on the walls of the Academy, painted the picture in the do-or-die fashion, after working himself up into a state almost of semi-exaltation.

It has been noted by a candid critic that the expression on the faces of Mr. Holl's sitters is usually of a very earnest character. It is on this point that Mr. Harry Quilter, in his "Sententiae Artis," says:—"I have seen portraits (and fine portraits, too) by him of most estimable people—Deans, and Masters of Colleges, &c.—who never had a wrong thought in their lives, but to whom Mr. Holl has given such a don't-meet-me-on-a-dark-night kind of look, that one almost felt that he must, in the course of his painting, have discovered some dreadful secret in those apparently blameless breasts, such 'damnable faces' have his sitters shown."

Mr. Holl's method of painting is somewhat rare, especially when he is about to paint a portrait. He always likes to know his man first, to watch his characteristics, his features, and his phases of



expression. If he does not already know him, the first sitting is more often than not occupied with conversation by the fireside, during which, unknown to the sitters, the artist takes mental notes of his victim's little ways. Then he seats him on the "throne," and lets him assume the attitude that comes most natural and easy to him, —always, however, in repose. This I know to be one of Mr. Holl's theories of portraiture, that repose is necessary. Indeed, how often do we not feel after gazing for a time at the statue of an orator, who is either pointing to heaven, or to a book, or at the spectator, "I do wish he would put that arm down!"

Taking up a canvas prepared with a white ground, Mr. Holl at once attacks the picture in colour. He never paints, like Mr. Watts for example, on a coloured ground, nor, like most others, does he begin by drawing in monochrome, or in black-and-white; the result obtained would be deceptive in point of colour, in consequence of the tones in the sketch itself. What Mr. Holl wishes to avoid is that "underdone" look, so "low in tone," that we often see in portraits, with the loss of freshness, all of which arise from the use of toned grounds or monochrome sketches, which make the colours of the picture itself, when first applied, look much brighter than they really are. It will occasionally occur, of course, that the picture is not successfully carried through from beginning to end. On at least two occasions after the portrait had been half-finished Mr. Holl has put the canvas aside, and begun on a "nice clean one;" while, in the case of the Archbishop of York, after two unsuccessful attempts, the painter admitted his failure, and would try no more. But then, of course, if I may venture to say so, his lordship's face is hardly a portraitist's ideal, however handsome, and however genial.

Mr. Holl, then, is our chief exclusive portrait-painter, *en attendant*, let us hope, becoming one of our most eminent figure-painters. And, it may not, perhaps, be indiscreet if I were to whisper that, successful as he is, the persistent rumour of the fabulous sums earned by portraitists is not to be believed. I make no doubt but that Mr. Holl succeeds in making both ends meet; but the tall talk of gigantic prices is, I know, only the pleasant conjuring up of a wonder-loving public.

M. H. SPIELMANN

AT A REHEARSAL

WHEN I hinted one day to my friend Joslin, who has been stage-manager of the Royal Thespian Theatre for I know not how many years, that I had never attended the rehearsal of a play, but that I should very much like to do so, he produced one of his cards, and, having written on it the words "Pass Bearer," he handed it to me.

"Our rule is to admit no one to rehearsal who is not immediately concerned with the business in hand," he said; "but there are exceptions to every rule, and we'll contrive to make one in your favour, my boy. The third act of our forthcoming piece is called for noon the day after to-morrow. If you will present yourself at the stage-door at that hour, and give my card to the janitor, you will be admitted."

I did not fail to be there at the time appointed. Just inside the stage-door was a cosy little hutch, the chief furniture of which seemed to be a number of letter-racks, one of them containing a quantity of rolled-up papers which to me had very much the appearance of rejected MSS. To the person inside the hutch, whose duty it was to keep watch and ward there, and see that no unauthorised person penetrated into the theatre, I handed Mr. Joslin's card. After glancing at it, and then at me with a sort of "And, pray, who may you be?" air, he favoured me with a nod, and said, "All right, sir; you'll find Mr. Joslin on the stage. Straight as you can go."

Making my way along a narrow, tortuous passage, dimly lighted by a gas-jet here and there, shut up in wire cages like so many prisoners, I came unawares on a short but steep flight of stairs, up which I contrived to stumble with much unnecessary clatter, and so made my "first appearance on any stage" after a somewhat undignified fashion, while from somewhere in the semi-opacity a voice, in imitation of that of a pantomimic clown, exclaimed, "Here we are again!"

Picking myself up as I best could, I became at the same moment a focus for the eyes of some half-score people, male and female, who were scattered about the stage, singly or in groups, and were all in their out-door attire. Miss Davenant, the leading lady, came to a dead stop in the middle of a soliloquy as I made my precipitate entry; while Joslin, as soon as he recognised me, came forward and shook me by the hand. Then, having inducted me into a chair close to his own, the interrupted rehearsal went on again as if nothing had happened, while I had time to steady my nerves, and take in the features of the unfamiliar scene in the midst of which I found myself.

The stage was in semi-darkness. A little daylight reached it from a couple of windows high up in one of the outer walls, but its chief source of illumination came from what is called a "T-light," I suppose from the fact of its being shaped somewhat after the fashion of that letter, fixed in the centre of the stage, in a line with the proscenium, and close to the footlights. This light, which is removed at night, is, as a rule, the only gas, with the exception of the prompter's jet, which is burnt on the stage during the daytime. The curtain was rolled up, and Mr. Joslin and I sat near the light—he with the author's MS. in his hand—and with our backs to the huge, dim, empty auditorium, which wore a strangely funereal look, with its boxes, stalls, and balcony carefully sheeted from the dust in brown holland. A thin trickle of daylight, distilled through a tiny window high up at the back of the gallery, only served, as it were, to make the darkness visible. What a different aspect that weird, yawning cavern would put on some eight hours later, with its great centre-light and all its lamps ablaze, and with its hundreds of eager, smiling faces waiting impatiently for the last strains of the overture and the rise of the magic curtain!

The play in process of rehearsal was a comedy-drama of fashionable life, what, in fact, is commonly called a "society piece," which had already been tried with success in the provinces, and was underlined for speedy production at the Thespian. A portion of the scenery was "set," in order to familiarise the company with their entrances and exits, while chairs, tables, and other "properties" were disposed about the stage as they would be at the actual performance a few nights later. Such of the company as were not engaged in the scene stood about the wings, whispering to each other—for no loud talking is allowed at rehearsal—going about on tiptoe, or glancing now and then at their parts while waiting for their cues to go on. Supreme over all, an autocrat whose behests no one dared call in question, whose slightest hint or suggestion was treated with almost servile respect, ruled Mr. Joslin. Even Mr. Ruthven, the leading light-comedian, the handsome *jeune premier*, whose likeness in one or another of his numerous impersonations looked at you out of half the photographers' windows in London, even he had to submit to be tutored on one or two points; while to the minor members of the company the stage-manager addressed himself in a hard, rasping voice, and with a dictatorial air, which I found difficult to reconcile with the genial, hail-fellow-well-met Joslin, whom I knew outside the walls of the theatre.

"That will never do, Mr. Cordy," he said to one sallow-faced young actor. "How often am I to tell you not to drop your voice all at once at the end of your sentences, as if it had gone down into your boots? I can't think where you picked up such a pernicious trick. We will take that scene again, if you please." Then to another: "Really, Mr. Hamilton, I thought it was fully understood

between us yesterday that you were only to take six strides from your entrance to the point where you come to a halt, and give the letter into Miss Davenant's hands. You took seven strides to Miss now, sir, by which means you bring yourself too close up to Miss D., who is standing against the table, leaning one hand on it; whereas you, being only a servant, ought to pause a couple of feet away, bow respectfully, and present her with the missive. Do that again, and count your strides mentally as you advance. That is better; but, for goodness' sake, don't forget on Saturday that you have to take six strides, not seven."

Then, to a pretty, timid-looking young lady: "No, no, Miss Preston, that won't do at all. You quite mistake the author's meaning. When Mr. Tempest, awaking suddenly from his nap on the sofa, sees you, and springs to his feet with the exclamation, 'A woman here—and a pretty one, too, by Jove!' you are not to back timorously away, and look as frightened as if you had been about to pick a pocket. After giving one start of surprise, and pressing your hand to your heart for a moment, you are to confront him boldly, and address him in the tone of a woman who has only taken the extreme step of seeking him in his own rooms under circumstances of the greatest provocation. We will go over that little scene again. Now, Miss Mr. Tempest, you are still asleep on the couch. Now, Miss Preston. Your cue is the striking of the clock on the chimney-piece."

And so the rehearsal went on. One thing that surprised me greatly was the way in which the various artists concerned walked, I might almost say lounged, through their parts. As a rule they rattled off their lines, and did what they had to do in the most indifferent and perfunctory style imaginable, with nothing beyond the merest ghost of the passion, pathos, or humour, as the case might be, demanded by each individual part. The veriest stage-struck tyros that ever strutted their hour in a barn might, or so it seemed to me, have done infinitely better. But when, later on, I ventured to hint my surprise to Mr. Joslin, that gentleman smiled the smile of superior knowledge.

"Oh, that will come out all right on Saturday," he said. "Acting such as you are thinking of is not needed at rehearsals, except in special circumstances; we should never get through if it were. Of course, in those cases where we give what is called a 'dress rehearsal' the night previously to the production of a new and important piece, the whole thing is gone through as nearly as possible as it will be given on the morrow; but not otherwise."

The rehearsal was over by half-past two, only the third act having been gone through on this occasion. I was not sorry when it came to an end. One thing it proved conclusively to me: that the art of acting, like any other art worthy of the name, cannot be acquired without an amount of painful drudgery of which the public, heedful only of results, knows little, and doubtless cares less. And even after the art has been acquired by slow and patient degrees, the same drudgery must go on, except in the case of abnormally long runs, pretty well all the year round.

First come the "understudies" for the piece currently running, so that, in case of illness or accident, another artist may be prepared at a moment's notice to take the part of any one who is away.

Then come the rehearsals of the piece to be produced next, which entail daily calls upon every one concerned for a month, or it may be six weeks, beforehand. Intersperse with these sundry of the *matinée* performances which are now so much in vogue, and have generally to be rehearsed some half-dozen times at least, even when only one performance is likely to follow, and it will, I think, be conceded that actors and actresses are, as a rule, a much harder-worked class of people than the world in general is in the habit of giving them credit for being.

T. W. S.

CELEBRITIES OF THE TURF

HORSE-RACING is such an eminently British pastime that we need make no apology for presenting to our readers some of the important personages connected with it. It is the sport of kings; it is also the sport of costermongers, as any one may see for himself who travels by road to Epsom on Derby Day; and it is the sport of pretty nearly everybody between those two extremes. The Prince of Wales has always shown great interest in horse-racing. He is present at nearly all the important meetings, and has latterly taken to keeping a few horses in training himself, though hitherto without much success. John Porter, of Kingsclere, trains for him. Porter's chief successes, however, have been with horses carrying the yellow and black of his Grace of Westminster. Bend Or, who won the Derby in 1880, and the City and Suburban the year afterwards, was under his charge. So was Bend Or's greater son, Ormonde, "the horse of the century," as many believe, whose doings are still fresh in the public mind. The most noteworthy animal now at Kingsclere is Friar's Balsam, the joint-property of Sir Frederick Johnstone and Lord Alington. "Balsam" was never beaten until the spring, when the bursting of an abscess in his mouth spoilt his chance for the Two Thousand, and necessitated his being scratched for the Derby. Mention of these two races brings us to the Duke of Portland, whose Ayrshire secured them both. His Grace has, indeed, been in Fortune's good books this season, for his smart two-year-old, Donovan, secured the appropriately named Portland Stakes at Leicester—the richest stake ever run for in this country—and the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. His horses are trained by G. Dawson at Newmarket. Ayrshire was ridden in the Two Thousand by John Osborne, a veteran, who won his first Two Thousand some twenty years ago, and who is a partner with his brothers in the training establishment at Middleham; but in the Derby by Fred Barrett, a youthful jockey who has rapidly attained the top of the tree. It may be questioned, however, whether he would be occupying that proud position if all had gone well with his two principal adversaries—his brother George and Charles Wood, both of whom had their licenses to ride withdrawn by the Jockey Club this year. George Barrett's offence was comparatively venial: he was accused, in his too great eagerness to win, of having ridden foully. Wood, on the other hand, is alleged to have been guilty of a far worse dereliction of duty—of having, in fact, "pulled" a horse called Success, the property of General Owen Williams. General Williams trains with Sherrard, upon whose stables much severe criticism has of late been passed. Sir George Chetwynd also trains there, and it was against him, Sherrard, and Wood that Lord Durham's famous speech at the Gimcrack Club dinner was directed. The Stewards of the Jockey Club, Lord Hastings (owner of Melton, who won the Derby in 1885), Mr. James Lowther, and the Hon. H. W. Fitzwilliam, refused to institute an inquiry as requested to do by Sir George Chetwynd, and referred him to the law courts, where accordingly the case of Chetwynd v. Lord Durham is shortly expected to come on.

It is pleasant to turn from the consideration of such matters to the bright career of Lord Falmouth. Not one word has ever been breathed against his lordship during all the years he has been on the Turf. He has never made a bet, unless we except a sixpence wagered with his trainer's wife. That trainer is the famous Matthew Dawson. Lord Falmouth still has a few horses in training, including Rada, which ran second to Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze in the Oaks this year, but he practically retired some years ago when his large stud was disposed of. He twice won the Derby, thrice the St. Leger, and four times the Oaks, and it was he who discovered and brought forward Fred. Archer, the most successful jockey the world has ever seen. Racing has charms for many of our legisla-

tors. Fortune has been kinder to Lord Hartington in the House of Commons than she has been at Newmarket; while with Mr. Chaplin, the fortunate owner of Hermit, who won the Derby in 1867, and has been a small gold-mine as a sire ever since, it is just the reverse. Upon Lord Rosebery she has smiled equally in politics and racing. He is by marriage a cousin of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and is like him a member of the Jockey Club. Another prominent member is Mr. W. G. Craven, who when Steward in 1879 promoted the valuable rule which forbids jockeys, with a few exceptions, to own racehorses. One of these exceptions is Mr. Tom Cannon, who combines in his own person the three functions of owner, trainer, and jockey. He is one of the finest horsemen we possess, and is the father of two sons, young Tom and Mornington, who have already begun to emulate his prowess in the pigskin. Another celebrated jockey is F. Webb, famed for his resolute riding; a well-known trainer is Alec. Taylor, in whose stables at Manton are trained the horses of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose ("Mr. Manton") and the Duke of Beaufort; and a successful owner is Mr. Robert Peck, who formerly trained for the Duke of Westminster, and who owned that wonderful little horse, The Bard. Lastly we may mention one who from his position should have been mentioned first—Lord Marcus Beresford, who holds the responsible post of starter to the Jockey Club, and in that capacity has to exhibit the watchfulness of an engine-driver, and the patience of a Job.

Our portraits are from photographs as follows:—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Lord Hartington, and Mr. J. M. Richardson, by Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.; the Earl of Durham, by Tabor, 8, Montgomery Street, San Francisco; the Earl of March and Mr. Chaplin, by Russell and Sons, 199, Brompton Road, S.W.; the Earl of Suffolk and Sir Richard Jardine, by Melhuish, 12, York Place, Portman Square, W.; Sir George Chetwynd, Lord Bradford, Lieut.-Gen. Owen Williams, the Earl of Ellesmere, Count Kinsky, Messrs. Mackenzie, J. B. Leigh, Peck, T. Cannon, J. Porter, J. Cannon, J. Osborne, M. Dawson, and J. Dawson, by Dickinson, 114, New Bond Street; Earl of Rosebery, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. Mackenzie of Kintail, by Byrnes, Richmond; Mr. J. B. de Rothschild, by Thomson, 72a, Grosvenor Street, W.; Lord Hastings, by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, W.; the Earl of Suffolk, by J. E. Mayall, 164, New Bond Street, W.; the Duke of Portland, by Window and Grove, 63a, Baker Street, W.; Lord Marcus Beresford, by Devereux, 5, Lansdowne Terrace, Hove, Brighton; Baron Hirsch, by Benque and Co., 33, Rue Boissy d'Anglas, Paris; the Duke of Westminster, by Walker, 210, Regent Street, W.; Lord Falmouth, by Vernon, Tonbridge Road, Maidstone; Mr. Craven, by Edwards, 1, Park Side, S.W.; Mr. C. Wood, by Van der Werde, 182, Regent Street, W.; Mr. F. Webb, by Hawkins, 108, King's Road, Brighton; Mr. Custance, by Lombardi, 13, Pall Mall East, S.W.; Mr. Taylor, by Baverstock, Marlborough; Mr. G. Barrett, by Gilbert, Stafford; and Messrs. Prince, Sherrard, Hayhoe, F. Barrett, and Woodburn, by Sherborne, High Street, Newmarket.



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—Sir Charles Selby's charming pastoral poem, "Phyllis," has been prettily set to music by J. Cliffe Forrester, but these words are so intimately associated with J. Hatton's old song that any other composer has but little chance of success.—Both words and music of "Secret Faith," by C. Graves-Irwin, are pleasing, and somewhat out of the common groove.—The same may be said of "Mabelle," written and composed by Lloyd Wollen and G. Saint George.—By the last-named composer are two pianoforte pieces of more than ordinary merit—"Souvenir d'Espagne," *chant d'amour pour violon avec accompagnement de piano*, and "La Gioconda," *danse italienne pour piano*. Both are well calculated for after-dinner execution.—Of the same useful description are two pianoforte pieces by Herbert F. Sharpe, "L'Absence" and "The Millwheel." The latter is the more taking and original of the two.—Berceuse, "Fifful Slumbers," for the pianoforte and violoncello or violin, by Charles Victor, is very creditable to this young composer.—"Bolero," for the pianoforte, by Sydney Shaw, is a brilliant and effective piece.

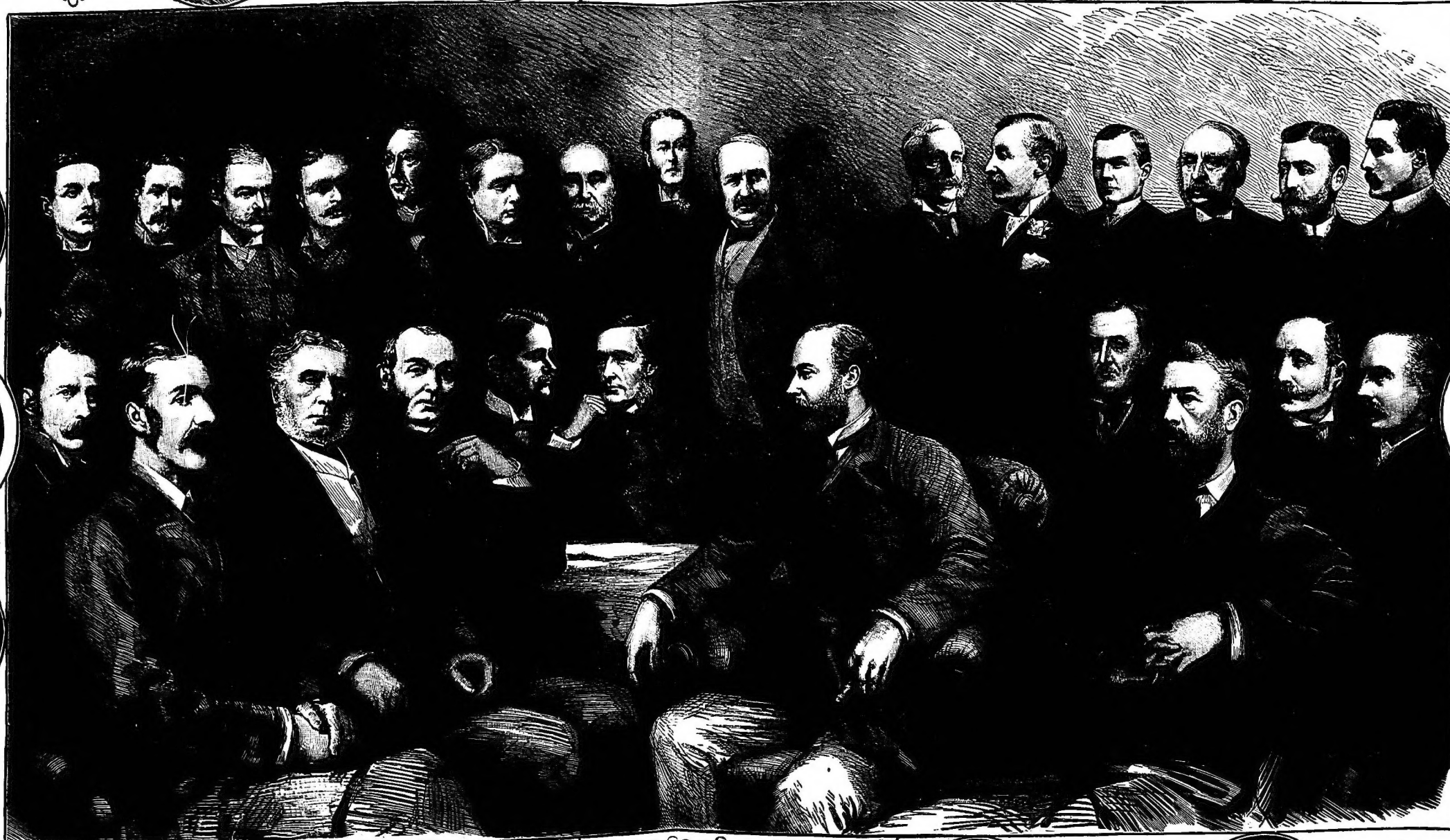
MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—Church choirs, great and small, will find "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" set to music in the key of C for four voices by J. Humfrey Auger, and the same two canticles, set to music in the key of D by W. T. Kirkwood Taylor, very useful and void of difficulties, a most desirable fact where amateur singers are concerned.—"Three Gavottes" for the pianoforte, by W. T. K. Taylor, are neat and unpretentious specimens of their oft-abused type.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"To Meet Again" is a song of the mildest type, written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Kingston Lisle (B. Williams).—"The Valiant Knight" is a song which will make but a feeble mark in musical circles; the words are by W. C. Newsome, the music by Claude Melville (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—"Belleville Valse," from the comic opera of *Die Jungfrau von Belleville*, by C. Millbcker, is a fair specimen of dance-music; the time is well marked (Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes).—"La Vivandière Polka," by Franz Engelberg, is tuneful and dance-provoking (Messrs. Charles Franklin and Co.).—A grotesque picture of its namesake attracts attention to "The Ally Sloper's Polka," by J. M. Palmer; the music is not lacking in spirit (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Co.).

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—"Dod's Parliamentary Companion" (Whittaker and Co.) reaches this year its sixty-second issue. The personal changes recorded in its pages are considerable; but, with the exception of the Closure Rule, there are but few novelties in Parliamentary procedure. "Dod" remains the most compact and in Parliamentary guides.—Charles A. Gillig's "Guide to London" (United States Exchange), though intended mainly for American visitors to London, contains a good deal about their city which is by no means known to all Londoners. The omnibus excursions through London and the suburbs are well planned, and altogether the book is just the thing for the class for whom it is intended.—"B. Bradshaw's Dictionary of Mineral Waters, Climatic Health Resorts, Sea Baths, and Hydropathic Establishments" (Trübner and Co.) is a most useful volume for the afflicted. In alphabetical order it gives all the bathing-places of Europe, with the temperature, hotels, and special waters of each. A map printed in colours shows at a glance the speciality of each watering-place in Europe, and there are tables of diseases (with the place of treatment for each) and routes and railway-fares to each place. A better guide of its kind could not be devised.—"The Sportsman's Guide to the Rivers, Moors, and Lochs of Scotland," edited by J. Watson Lyall (15, Pall Mall), is well known for its accuracy and completeness. It contains a vast deal of information packed into a very small compass.—We noticed not long since the first issue of Mrs. Lucy Andersen's "Copenhagen and Its Environs" (Walter Scott), and need only say now that there is a second edition, which appears to be considerably enlarged.—"May's British and Irish Press Guide" (F. L. May and Co., 159, Piccadilly) is one of those excellent publications which it is superfluous to praise. The present issue has some changes which facilitate reference.

PARISIAN BEGGARS have adopted a fresh and successful method of extorting money. They get themselves up as respectable artists in the low depths of poverty, and haunt the galleries of the Louvre and Luxembourg, gazing at the pictures with hungry eyes. Thus if any English are in the neighbourhood two or three of the pseudo-artists will stand before some work by Prudhon, and murmur piteously to each other—"He also died of hunger." The ruse generally succeeds at the expense of the British pocket.

CELEBRITIES Of The TURF



- | | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. Duke of Portland | 10. Mr. W. G. Craven | 19. Viscount Falkland |
| 2. Earl of Rosebery | 11. Lord Hasting | 20. Sir J. Lubbock |
| 3. Earl of March | 12. Mr. J. Russell Richardson | 21. Earl of Devon |
| 4. Lord Alington | 13. Lord Charles Kinnaird | 22. Duke of Devonshire |
| 5. Lord Rosbery | 14. Lord Hinch | 23. Duke of Westminster |
| 6. Earl of Bradford | 15. Mr. J. H. Mackenzie | 24. The Prince of Wales |
| 7. Mr. P. F. Fox | 16. Mr. J. H. Mackenzie | 25. Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P. |
| 8. Lord Leopold de Rothschild | 17. Lord-General Owen Williams | 26. Marquis of Hertford |
| | | 27. Earl of Suffolk |
| | | 28. Lord Marcus Beresford |

R. G. SHERRARD

A. TAYLOR

J. CANNON

F. BARRETT

ALFRED HAYHOR

M. DAWSON

J. PORTER

T. CANNON

JOHN OSBORNE H. GUSTANCE

JOHN DAWSON

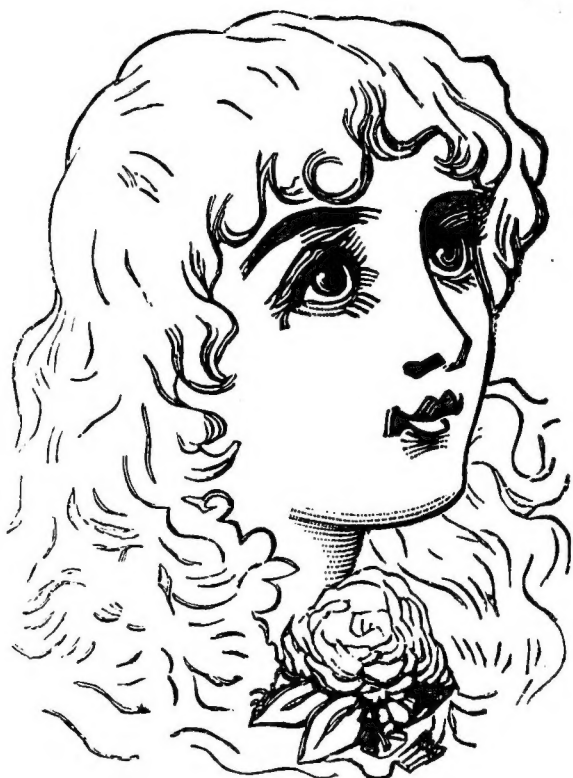
C. WOOD

F. WEBB

J. WOODBURN

JOHN OSBORNE H. GUSTANCE

GEORGE BARRETT



A SKIN WITHOUT BLEMISH.

EVERYWHERE a network of sudorific ducts, veins and pores, the skin constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation, and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

My wife has been suffering from chronic eczema for two years. First we took advice from our local doctors, then she went to one in one of the first Skin Hospitals, and at last, being nearly "done up," she went to one of the most eminent physicians, but all in vain. She then determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in one week after taking them she was able to walk and attend to her regular duties as lady of the house, and after the second week, I must say there was no sign of eczema to be seen.

W. P. W.

Full address at Messrs. NEWBERRY.

Sold by all chemists. Price: CUTICURA, 2s. 3d.; RESOLVENT, 4s. 6d.; SOAP, 1s.; or a set of the three preparations, post free, 7s. 9d., of F. NEWBERRY and SONS, 1, King Edward Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.

BABY'S Skin, Scalp, and Hair preserved and beautified by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

Allow me to express to you my heartfelt thanks for the good which your CUTICURA REMEDIES have done me. I have suffered for the past three years of eczema of the hands and arms, and have endured a great amount of suffering, and expended untold sums of money on doctors, attending various skin hospitals, and also on remedies of one kind or another, but all to no purpose, as my arms got worse instead of better; in fact, they were perfectly loathsome to behold. At last I was persuaded by a lady friend of mine to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after using three packages, the disease disappeared like magic.

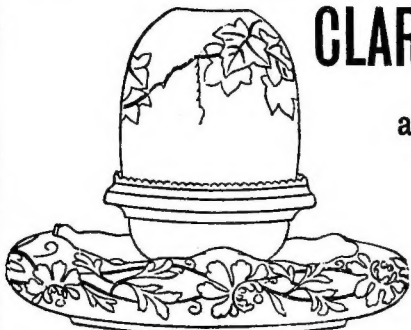
ELIZABETH EDWARDS, Buckingham Road, N.

When I wrote you last year I was suffering with a very bad leg. It was swollen to more than twice its natural size, and broke out in four great sores, attended with most intense itching. Added to this, I had most dreadful attacks of sick headache. All my friends thought my work was done, when seeing CUTICURA REMEDIES advertised, I procured a set, which, I can thankfully say, quite cured my leg, and I have never had a sick headache since. Indeed, I was never better in my life than I am now. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter.

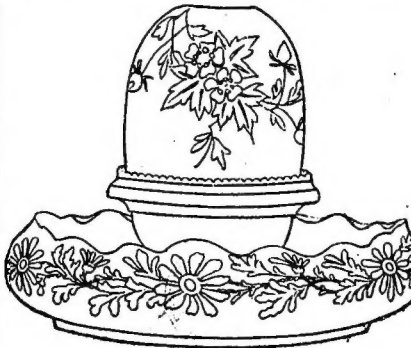
ELIZA PAYNE, Nurse, Castleton, Fairford.

Prepared by the POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Send to Messrs. NEWBERRY for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.



No. 240.
Registered Trade Mark, "FAIRY."



No. 241.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" LAMP & FLOWER BOWL

IN TAPESTRY WARE.

as purchased by HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

These are the latest and most beautiful designs yet produced for burning CLARKE'S DOUBLE-WICK "FAIRY" LIGHTS. They must be seen to be appreciated. They can be obtained Wholesale from the Patentee, S. CLARKE, "Pyramid" and "Fairy" Lamp and Light Works, CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.

SHOW ROOMS—31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
OPEN FROM 10 TILL 5 DAILY, WHERE ALL THE NEW PATTERNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" LIGHTS

with Double Wicks, give a beautiful light, are no trouble, burn ten hours each. Six Lights in a Box, 1s. per Box. Purchasers having any difficulty in obtaining either "FAIRY" LAMPS or "FAIRY" LIGHTS are solicited to apply to the Patentee, who will give the name of his nearest Agent.

If a cheaper light will suffice, "Pyramid" Lights are the most suitable for burning in the "Fairy" Lamps.

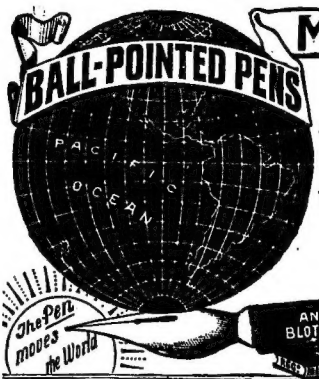
CLARKE'S "FAIRY" MENU CARDS

1s. per Dozen, post free.

A "FAIRY" MENU CARD is given FREE with every "FAIRY" LAMP. Please ask for it. A specimen "FAIRY" MENU CARD will be sent post free on application.

N.B.—See that the Patentee's name and Trade Mark "Fairy" is on every Fairy Lamp.

Illustrated Pattern Books, with upwards of 200 designs, post free, price 2s. 6d., or returnable.



MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

THE BALL-POINTED PENS

Are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink, and last longer.

Six sorts—fine, medium, broad—6d., 1s., 3s., and 4s. 6d. per box.

The "FEDERATION" Penholders not only prevent the Pen from blotting, but give a firm and comfortable grip. Price 2d., 4d., and 6d.

Assorted Box of 30 Pens for 1s. 6d., or with Ebony Holder for 1s. 6d. Of all Stationers, or post free from

ORMISTON & GLASS
EDINBURGH

DAMASK TABLE LINEN
MURPHY & ORR Belfast
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

The Table Linen made at the ROYAL MANUFACTORY, ARDYOKE, STANDS UNRIVALLED. ENDLESS VARIETY OF DESIGNS TO CHOOSE FROM. SHEETINGS, TOWELS, CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS, GLASS CLOTHS, &c.

Plain and Fancy Linen Goods of every kind. Goods sent to all parts of the world. Price Lists and Samples post free.

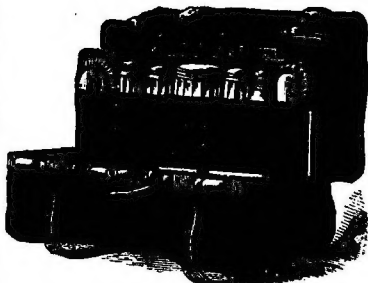
Coats of Arms, Crests, &c., woven in Table Linen. Regimental and Club orders promptly and carefully attended to. Prices extremely moderate.

CURE FOR ALL HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Is a CERTAIN REMEDY

For the CURE of BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, SORES, & ULCERS For BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GLANDULAR SWELLINGS, And all Skin Diseases, it has no equal.

FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



18 in. Plated, £6. Silver, £7 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair Brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes, Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes, Razor Strop, Paper Knife, Scent Bottle, Jar, Soap Dish, Writing Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match Box, Looking Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail File, and Button Hook. Price complete, £6 with Plated Fittings, £7 10s. with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.



Price £4 15s.

The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, fitted complete, SILVER MOUNTS, IVORY BRUSHES. Very Elegant. A small fitted Bag, Contains Soap Box, Jar, Scent Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper Knife, Glove Stretcher, Comb, Hair Brush, Velvet Brush, Looking Glass, Scissors, Button Hook, Nail File, Knife, Corkscrew.

S. FISHER,
188, STRAND.

HEALTH RESTORED by means of MILD CONTINUOUS CURRENTS OF ELECTRICITY (without shock) generated by wearing HARNESSE'S ELECTROPATHIC BELT.

WILL LAST FOR YEARS.

Price 21s., post free.

PUBLIC CAUTION.

Although all rights are secured by Royal Patents, our great success has led to unscrupulous copying, in some cases not only of the Advertisements, but the outward appearance of the Electropathic Belts also, and these counterfeit Belts being dangerous and disappointing imitations, we wish the public to note the ONLY ADDRESS of our Company, as even the name of the Company has been grossly pirated.

52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

Price 21s., post free.

THOUSANDS have been successfully treated for RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, GOUT, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, EPILEPSY, PARALYSIS, SLEEPLESSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL & LOCAL DEBILITY, HYSTERIA, FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS, &c.

GUARANTEED TO RESTORE Impaired Vital Energy, Invigorate the debilitated Constitution, Stimulate the Organic Action, Promote the Circulation, **Assist Digestion**, and Promptly Renew that Vital Energy, the loss of which is the first symptom of decay.

Its healing properties are multifarious; it stimulates the functions of various organs, increases their secretions, gives tone to muscles and nerves, relaxes morbid contractions, improves nutrition, and **Renews Exhausted Nerve Force**. Acting directly on the system, it sustains and assists its various functions, and thus promotes the **health and vigour** of the entire frame.

The following are selected from Thousands of Reports received. The Originals may be seen at the Company's Rooms.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The Rt. Hon. LORD BYRON says that "Harnesse's Electropathic Belt is invaluable for sleeplessness."

RHEUMATIC GOUT.—Major Pakenham, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"Your Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of RHEUMATISM."

WIND COLIC.—Mrs. M. Oriel, 8, Bury Square, Dowlis, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt has cured me of Wind Colic."

LUMBAGO.—Junction Station, S.W., writes:—"I have derived great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Belt. The lumbago and pains in my back have both disappeared."

RHEUMATIC FEVER.—Dr. C. Lempriere, D.C.L., Senior Fellow St. John's College, Oxford, writes:—"I can speak positively of its advantages."

SCIATICA.—Mr. R. T. Watson, Proprietor "Harwich Free Press," writes:—"Harnesse's Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of Sciatica."

LADIES' AILMENTS.—Mrs. Hawkey, 43, New Street, Caledonian Road, London, N., writes:—"Harnesse's Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of the extreme debility and exhaustion from which I suffered, and periodic irregularity. Mine is a remarkable recovery."



MR. C. B. HARNESSE, the Eminent Consulting Medical Electrician, has been specially retained by the Company, and may be consulted daily (WITHOUT CHARGE), on all matters relating to **HEALTH** and the application of **CURATIVE ELECTRICITY**. Residents at a distance, and those unable to avail themselves of a personal consultation, are invited to write for a **PRIVATE ADVICE FORM**, which will be forwarded **POST FREE** on application.

The following are selected from Thousands of Reports received. The Originals may be seen at the Company's Rooms.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.—An eminent M.D. of Bath, writes:—"August 22nd, 1887.—My patient has derived considerable benefit from your Electropathic treatment, and as regards your Xylonite Truss, it far surpasses all others." The Original may be seen at the Company's Rooms.

CONSTIPATION.—Rev. D. Sutcliffe, Vicar of Holme, Burnley, Lancashire, writes:—"My health has improved very satisfactorily, and I am now entirely free from the constipation I used to suffer from so severely."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.—A. A. James, Esq., F.R.H.S., Chapel Road, Lower Norwood, London, S.E., writes:—"I have obtained great benefit from wearing your Electropathic Appliances. The pains in my head have left me, and I feel stronger both generally and locally."

LIVER COMPLAINT.—Barry Close, Esq., 72, Cambridge Street, Finsbury, London, E.C., writes:—"It has effected such a positive cure that I should be glad to answer any enquiries."

DYSPEPSIA.—Miss Wells, Scarborough, writes:—"I feel altogether stronger and better."

WRITER'S CRAMP.—Miss E. Hastings, Eastbourne, writes:—"A complete cure."

SCIATICA CURSED.—Mrs. Conway, 29, Archway Street, Barnes, Surrey, writes:—"I have been a constant sufferer from sciatica for the past ten years, and my cure seems a marvel."

HERNIA, may now be cured by Mr. Harnesse's new and successful treatment. Advice and Examination Free.

SEND AT ONCE FOR "ELECTROPATHY; OR, HARNESSE'S GUIDE TO HEALTH," POST FREE on application.

On receipt of Post Office Order or Cheque, value 21s., crossed undertake to forward HARNESSE'S ELECTROPATHIC BELT, as described above, for either Lady or Gentleman, free by post, to any part of the United Kingdom.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESS:—

MR. C. B. HARNESSE, 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)

"London & County Bank," The MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, LTD., 52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

Advice and Examination Free.

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES WATCH AND JEWELLERY COMPANY, OF VYSE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

All at Whole-
sale cash
prices.
A saving of
50 per cent.



25s. 25s.
GENTLEMEN'S FINE SILVER, Flat Crystal Glass, 25s.
LADIES' FINE SILVER, Flat Crystal Glass, 25s.
YOUTHS' FINE SILVER, Flat Crystal Glass, 25s.
LADIES' GOLD LEVER, chased cases, 70s.
Cheques or P.O.O. to Mr. A. PERCY.

UMBRELLAS.



SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & CO., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

THE 'VICTORIA' RIVETLESS HURDLE



The strongest, cheapest, and most rigid Hurdle ever offered to the public. Drawing A shows bar threaded through the upright, ready for clenching; and Drawing B the horizontal bar after it has been clenched to the upright.
Complete Catalogue free on application.
PATENT GALVANIZED ORDINARY FOUR-BARB STEEL FENCING WIRE
BARBS 6 IN APART.
PRICES AT OUR WORKS.
100 yards Reels . . . 6s. 6d. each.
226 yards or 1 cwt. Reels . . . 12s. 6d. "
533 yards or 2 cwt. Reels . . . 25s. 6d. "
5 cwt. lots and upwards . . . 25s. 6d. per cwt.
BAYLISS, JONES, and BAYLISS,
WOLVERHAMPTON.
London Offices and Show Rooms, 139 and 141, CANNON STREET, E.C.

THE "DUCHESS" (THOMAS'S PATENT).



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress, the shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebone placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in, and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the bust, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,
YOUNG, CARTER, AND
OVERALL,
117 and 118, WOOD ST

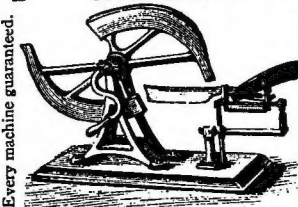
SOZODONT For the TEETH

SOZODONT, THE FRAGRANT Liquid Dentifrice, is a botanical preparation of wondrous efficacy in Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth. Rescuing them from Decay, and Rendering them as White as Alabaster. It is a Toilet Luxury, of which all should avail themselves. The unpleasant odour communicated to the breath by Catarrh, Bad Teeth, &c., is entirely obviated by this fragrant and Salubrious Antiseptic. Price 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS

MOUNTED from £5 to £5,000
18 NEW BOND ST.W.

SHAVING A LUXURY. THE "PREMIER" RAZOR STROPPING MACHINE.



"Tested in every way on razors keen and razors blunt, the machine is perfection. There is no trouble, science, or skill involved in its use. You merely fix your razor in the holder, edge downwards, turn a handle slowly for a few seconds, and behold, the weapon is as keen—well, let us say as a razor should be."—Extract from testimonial.
J. GORDON, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London.

Beetham's Glycerine Cucumber

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. It soon renders it SOFT, SMOOTH and WHITE, entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c., and preserves THE SKIN from the effects of SUN, WINDS, and HAND WATER more effectually than any other preparation. No Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it, as it is invaluable at all Seasons for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING.
Bottles—1s., 2s. 6d., of all Chemists.
Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers—
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, CHELTENHAM.

STOUT PEOPLE

OBESITY easily, pleasantly, and certainly cured, without hardship or nauseating drugs.
A valuable treatise, showing how fat can be destroyed (not merely lessened), and the cause removed, together with the prescription, advice, and full explanations HOW TO ACT, sent FREE on application. "The only common-sense work on corpulency ever issued."—N.Y. Medical Review.
E. K. LINTON, Bloomsbury Mansions, Bloomsbury, London.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER

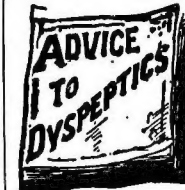
EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK

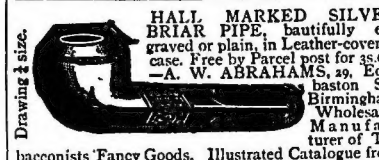
NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.

For twenty-two years acknowledged to be superior to all other Hair Restorers. Most effectual, harmless, and permanent.
NUDA VERITAS Restores Grey or Faded Hair to its original colour.
NUDA VERITAS causes growth on bald spots.
NUDA VERITAS is sold in cases at 10s. 6d. by all Chemists, Perfumers, &c., from whom circulars may be had.
Agents—R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, BERNERS STREET, W. and 91-95, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.



Now Ready Tenth Edition
CONTENTS:—Symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Special Advice as to Diet and Regimen, Diseases Sympathetic, Notes for Dyspepsia, Beverages, Air and Ventilation. Particulars of numerous Dyspeptic Cases sent for one Stamp.
Address—Publisher, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY.



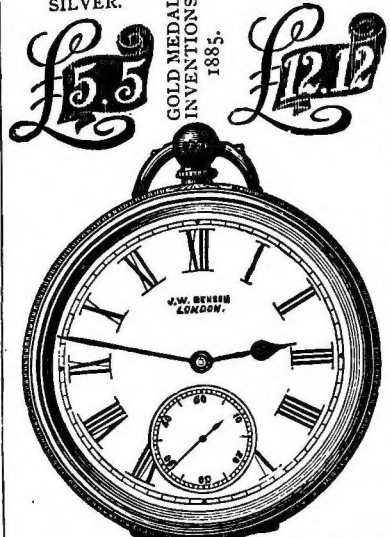
HALL MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, beautifully engraved or plain, in Leather-covered case. Free by Parcel post for 3s. 6d.
—A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgware St., Birmingham
Wholesale Manufacturer of Tobaccoists' Fancy Goods. Illustrated Catalogue free.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (116 pages), with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 3 lbs.) post free 8 stamps.
F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.

BENSON'S WATCHES

Are the Best Timekeepers.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST WATCH IN THE WORLD, Excelling All Others for ACCURACY & VALUE, is
BENSON'S "LUDGATE" WATCH
SILVER. GOLD.
GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS, 1885.

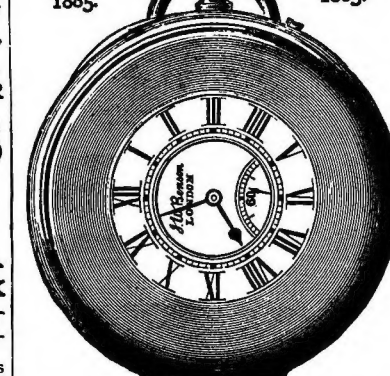


ENGLISH THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER, Patent No. 4,658, best London Make, fully Jewelled, Chronometer Balance. Patent Protection from Dust and Damp. PURCHASERS in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD, using the "LUDGATE" WATCH under very trying conditions, TESTIFY to its STRICTLY ACCURATE TIMEKEEPING QUALITIES. Made in Four Sizes: Ladies, Gentlemen, and Youths (as illustrated); Working Men, and specially large for Miners and Railway Men. In extra Strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Dome Cases, 4s. 5s. In 18-Carat Gold Crystal Glass Dome Cases, 4s. 12s. Lady's Size, 4s. 10s.

BENSON'S KEYLESS "LUDGATE" WATCH.

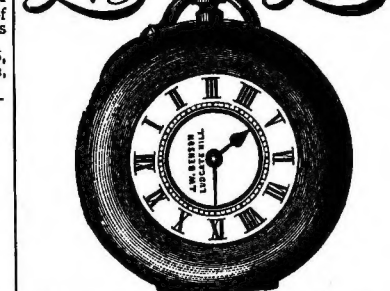


GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS, 1885.



The Best and Cheapest Keyless English Lever Watch, ever made at the price. (Patent No. 4,658.) ENGLISH THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER, fully jewelled, STRONG KEYLESS ACTION chronometer balance (as described above). In massive SILVER hall-marked Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, 4s. 8s., or in 18-CARAT GOLD CASES, 4s. 10s.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS WATCH.



Extra Quality Movement. Strong Keyless Action. Fully Jewelled. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-carat Cases, 4s. 10s. or Sterling Silver Cases, 4s. 5s.
Monogram beautifully Engraved Without Extra Charge. Lady's Gold Albert Chain from 4s. 15s.
An Illustrated and Priced Book containing full description of these and all other Watches, from £2. 2s. to £250, Post Free.
Watches Sent Free at our risk to all Parts of the World.

J. W. BENSON, Maker to H.M. THE QUEEN, THE STEAM FACTORY, 62 and 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 28, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and 25, Old Bond Street, London, W.

CHAPMAN & CO'S CELEBRATED SILKS.

It is important that ladies should know, now Black and Coloured Silks have again become so fashionable, that the best standard makes may be bought at Manufacturer's prices by purchasing through us direct.

IMPERIAL LYONS SILKS,

1s. 6d., 1s. 9d., 2s. 2d., 2s. 6d., 2s. 9d., 2s. 11d., 3s. 3d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d.

THE PERFECTION OF SILKS,

(C. J. Bonnet et Cie.) 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d.

THE QUEEN OF SILKS,

(C. J. Bonnet et Cie.) 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d.

HUGUENOT SILKS,

(C. J. Bonnet et Cie.) 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d.

FAILLE FRANCAISE,

2s. 11d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 3d., 4s. 6d., 4s. 11d.

SATIN MERVIS, 1/9, 2/6, to 7/11.

OTTOMANS, from 1/9

SURAHs " 2/11, 3/11, 5/11, 6/11

MOIRÉS " 2/11, 3/11, 5/11, 6/11

A large and very choice assortment of Fancy Silks in the newest designs from 1s. 3d.

EXCEEDINGLY BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT.

PONGEE SILKS, Very Brilliant,

1s. 6d., 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d.

NOTTING HILL, LONDON, W.

AND INDUSTRY MILLS, BRADFORD.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

SAMPLES FREE.

ROYAL IRISH LINEN SHEET.

ING. Fully Bleached, a yards wide, 1s. 11d. per yard. 2 1/2 yards wide, 2s. 4d. per yard (the most durable article made). Samples free.

ROLLER TOWELLING, 18 inches

wide, 3d. per yard. Samples free.

SURPLISE LINEN, 7d. per yard;

Linen Dusters, 3s. 3d., Glass Cloths, 4s. 6d. per doz.

FINE LINENS and Linen Diaper,

8d. per yard. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1s. 4d. each. Samples free.

FISH NAPKINS, 2s. 11d. per doz.

Samples free.

DINNER NAPKINS, 5s. 6d. per dozen.

Samples free.

TABLE CLOTHS, 2 yards square,

2s. 11d.; 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, 5s. 11d. each.

KITCHEN TABLE CLOTHS,

11d. each. Samples free.

STRONG HUCKABACK TOWELS, 4s. 4d. per dozen.

Samples free.

MONOGRAMS, Crests, Coats of

Arms, Initials, &c., Woven and Embroidered

SAMPLES and ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS

POST FREE TO any part of the World.

ROBINSON and CLEAVER, By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress of Germany, BELFAST. Telegraphic Address—"LINEN," Belfast.

By Special Royal & Imperial Warrant TO LADIES.



EGERTON BURNETT, PURE WOOL, BEST DYE, BLACK SERGES.

As supplied by him for Court Mourning and General Wear, are in great demand. A variety of qualities from 1s. 2d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies who have a preference for black should write for patterns direct to

ANY LENGTH SOLD EGERTON BURNETT, Woollen Warehouse, WELLINGTON, SOMERSET

"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD." 112 Page Illustrated Catalogue for 1888 ready. TRADE MARK HONOURS, PARIS, 1878 DIPLOMA AND MEDAL, SYDNEY, ORDER OF MERIT, MELBOURNE AND CALCUTTA.



BOLT-ING TRIGGERS NO 1 UMBLER

G. E. LEWIS'S TREBLE GRIP, combined with Anson and Deeley's Locking, Cocking, and Automatic Safety Bolts. The opening of the gun cocks it, and bolts sears and triggers. It also has independent intercepting bolts to tumblers, making an accidental discharge impossible. Price 20 to 40 guineas. Planer finish, 4/6. Best work only. "The Gun of the Period," wherever shown, has always taken honours. Express Rifles, from 12 Guineas. Why buy from dealers when you can buy at half the price from the maker? Any Gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 4,000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. Send this advertisement to Illustrated Catalogue to

G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday St., Birmingham. Estab. 1859.

SILVER MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION. HEERING'S ONLY GENUINE COPENHAGEN

Gold Medals, Est. 1818. CHERRY, Paris, 1878, 9 Prize Medals. PETER F. HEERING, BRANDY, PURVEYOR BY APPOINTMENTS TO THE ROYAL DANISH AND IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURTS, AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

PETER ROBINSON COURT AND FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE

256 to 262, REGENT STREET. ON RECEIPT OF LETTER OR TELEGRAM.

Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on approbation—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting Dressmaker (if desired) without any extra charge whatever. Address—PETER ROBINSON, MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT STREET.

INEXPENSIVE MOURNING,

as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON upon advantageous terms, to Families.

FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING at very moderate charges.

PARCELS POST FREE. MADE-UP ARTICLES. OR MATERIALS BY THE YARD. Forwarded promptly.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT AND GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

256, REGENT STREET.

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING REGISTERED KROPP RAZOR

REAL GERMAN. HOLLOW GROUND. From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 57, Finsbury Street, London, W.

Certain HARNESS Cure. ELECTROPATHIC BELT

FOR Rheumatism. Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of rheumatic gout. I suffered severely for two years. I now feel strong and active."

Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Mr. C. B. HARNES, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Co., Ltd., 52, OXFORD ST. (Corner of RAILWAY PLANT) LONDON, W. Call to-day, if possible, or write at once.

Printed for the Proprietors, at 14, Milford Lane, by EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, and published by him at 190, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, Middlesex.—JUNE 30, 1888.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION



CAMOMILE PILLS.

Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for

INDIGESTION.

See Testimonial, selected from hundreds:—

CROYDON, 1885.

"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same."

"J. WILKINSON."

For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines SOLD EVERYWHERE, price 1s. 1 1/2d., 2s. 9d., & 11

NUBIAN LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING

No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which last a week in all weathers. Must be washed off and polished. Sold everywhere.